A POWER COMIC

FUNNIEST FUNNIES PLUS THE PICK OF THRILLS IN...

SMASH!

No. 130

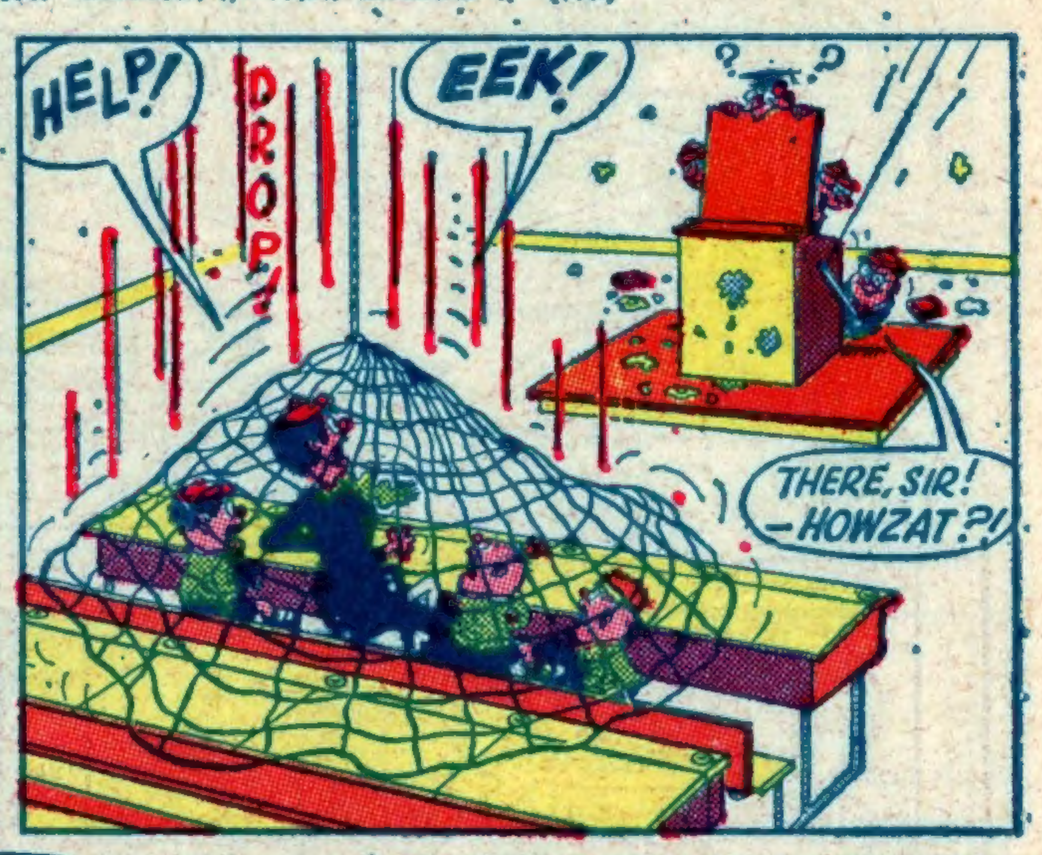
27th JULY 1968

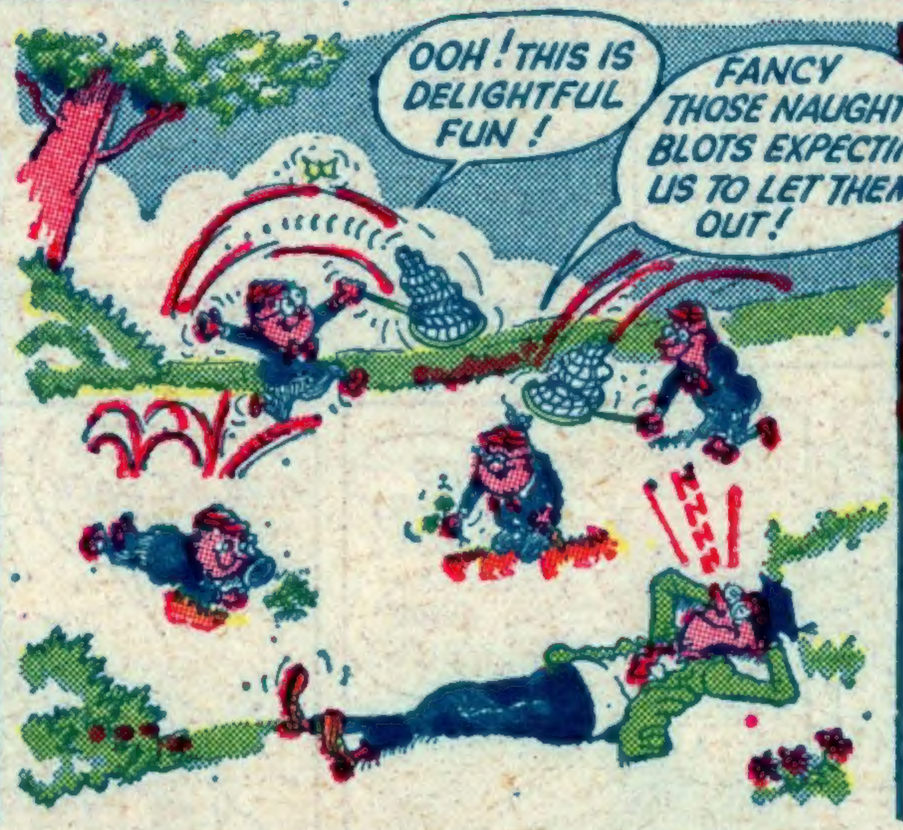
EVERY MONDAY

7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS!





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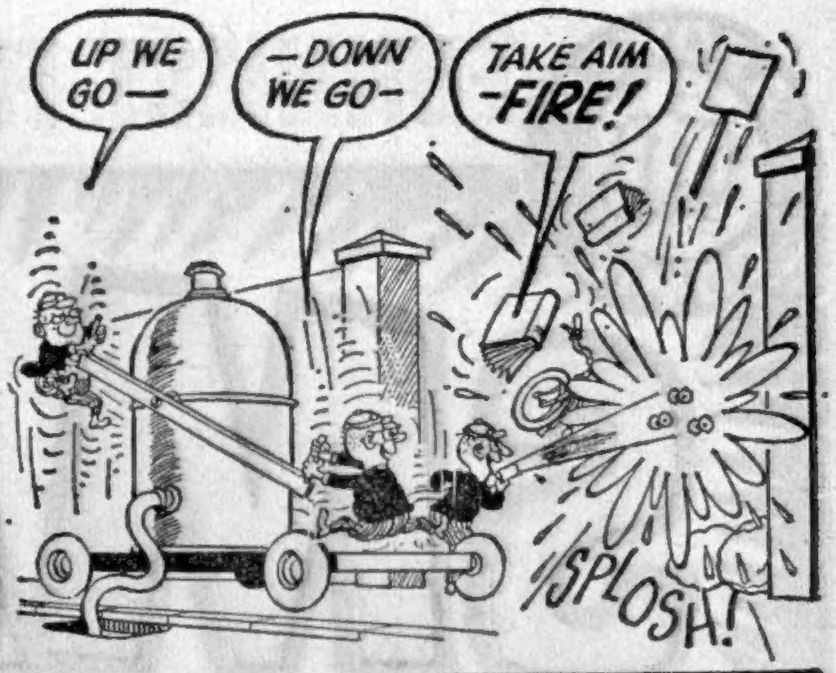

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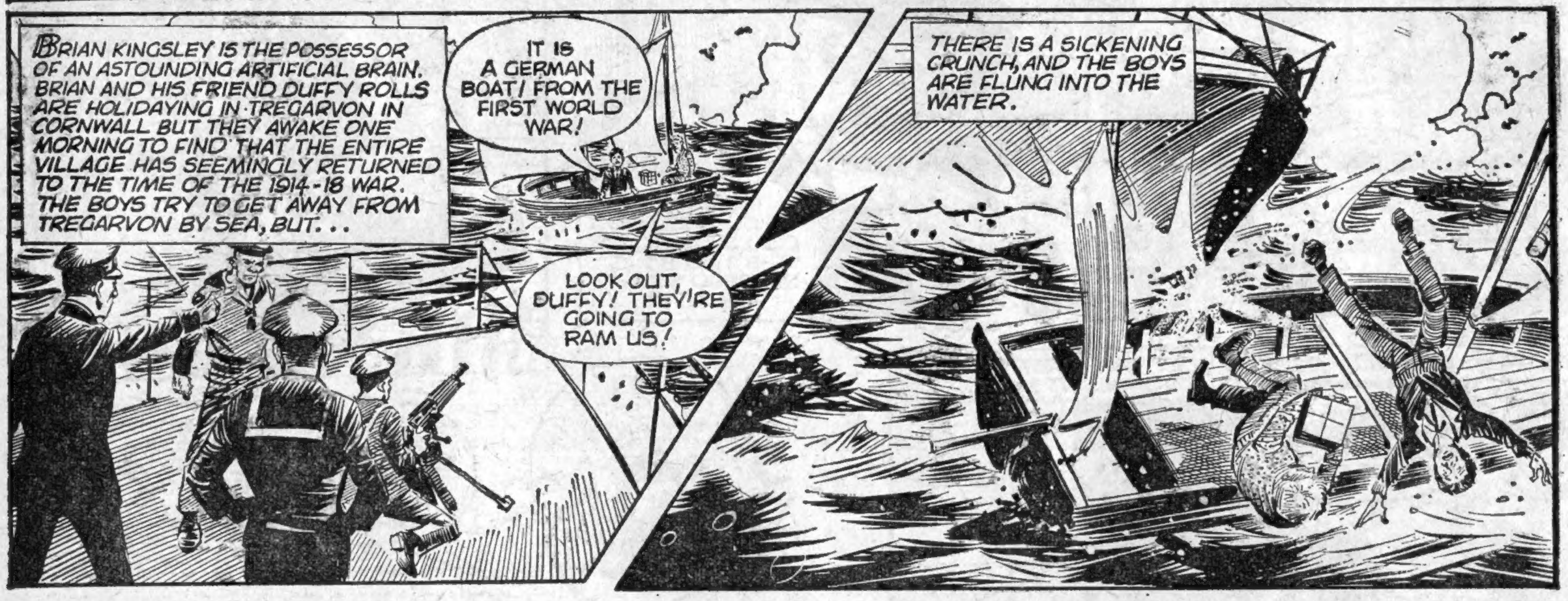
BRIAN'S BRAIN



EVER SINCE THE DAY HE LOST HIS BOAT ON THE ROCKY COAST COMMANDER HARCOURT'S MIND HAS BEEN A LITTLE UNCERTAIN. AND NOW, IN TREGARVON, HE IS CONVINCED THAT IT REALLY IS 1915.

EVERYTHING IN THE VILLAGE IS JUST AS IT WAS. BUT WHERE IS MY BOAT?—THE E22?

BUT IN THE HOUSE WHICH SERVES AS A POLICE STATION THE OLD-FASHIONED POLICE-CONSTABLE IS USING A VERY MODERN PIECE OF EQUIPMENT.

TREGARVON TO GULL ISLAND. DID YOU CAPTURE THE TWO BOYS I WARNED YOU ABOUT?

ON GULL ISLAND THE MESSAGE IS HEARD AND A REPLY IS MADE.

GULL ISLAND TO TREGARVON. COMMANDANT SPEAKING. YES, WE HAVE THE TWO BOYS. THEY ARE BEING BROUGHT TO ME NOW.

SECONDS LATER BRIAN AND DUFFY GET THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF COMMANDANT KIRST.

WHY HAVE WE BEEN BROUGHT HERE? WHAT'S GOING ON?

SILENCE! I DID NOT HAVE YOU BROUGHT HERE TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS!

BEFORE HAVING YOU LOCKED UP I WANTED TO LOOK AT YOU. I WAS CURIOUS TO SEE THE TWO BOYS WHO THREATENED TO SPOIL MY CAREFULLY LAID PLANS!

ALL, RIGHT! I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH! TAKE THEM AWAY!

THE BOYS ARE TAKEN OUT AND PUSHED INTO A NEARBY HUT.

YOU ROTTEN SQUARE HEADS! WE HAVEN'T EVEN HAD BREAKFAST YET!

IN YOU GO!

DON'T WORRY. YOU WILL BE FED—LATER!

THE DOOR IS LOCKED UPON THEM AND THE BOYS QUICKLY REALISE THAT THE HUT IS ESCAPE PROOF.

WE'LL NEVER FORCE OUR WAY OUT OF HERE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, BRIAN?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT PERHAPS THE BRAIN HAS SOME IDEAS.

THE AMAZING BRAIN GLOWS WITH LIGHT AS IT COMMUNICATES WITH BRIAN.

I WILL TRY TO HELP YOU. WHEN THE GUARD BRINGS FOOD YOU MUST ATTACK HIM, NO MATTER HOW BIG AND STRONG HE MAY BE. I SHALL BE GUIDING YOU IN THE FIGHT AND TOGETHER WE MAY BE SUCCESSFUL.

I'LL TRY, BRAIN.

AND SO THE LONG WAIT BEGINS.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, BRIAN. BUT AS YOU KNOW, THE BRAIN HAS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO REACH MY MIND. I GUESS I'M TOO THICK!

I JUST HOPE THE GUARD ISN'T TOO BIG!

SSH! SOMEONE IS COMING NOW!

THE DOOR OPENS.

OH, NO! TWO OF THEM!

BE ON THE BRAIN-WAVE FOR THRILLING ACTION—NEXT WEEK!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

WE'RE ALL ONE BIG, HAPPY FAMILY! . . . that's the way we feel about Power! That's the way we WANT it to be! The way we want YOU to look upon Power!

Darn it, even our super-heroes have this 'one big, happy family' attitude! Always helping each other but when the going's particularly rough! Like DOCTOR STRANGE selflessly braving fearful danger to aid his brother-in-Power SPIDERMAN! (In our big FANTASTIC SUMMER SPECIAL) Like THOR (who's always busy enough foe-fightin' as it is) always finding time to help out The Avengers when they really need an extra hand! Sometimes, just like a real family, they have their FIGHTS with each other, too! Like HULK and SUB MARINER having a king-size quarrel in this very week's issue of FANTASTIC!

AND TO BE SURE, THIS FAMILY FEELING ABOUNDS UP HERE IN THE GARRET! As an inhabitant of the garret said (we won't give his name because he's been getting more than his share of publicity lately. But his initials are O.. W... O.. F.....) ... we're like parents! And the Power Pack like children! Us bringing into the world three children a week! (he means FANTASTIC, POW and SMASH).. lavishing our fond care upon them, watching them take their place in the outside world with joy and pride in the knowledge that a duty has been well and truly done. Sounds a little high-blown, maybe. But we have to admit that editorializing comics is a little like that.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Trevor Kicks, Enfield, Middx; David Spence, Darlington, Co. Durham; Richard Malone, Cheltenham, Glos; Peter Killeen, Chadderton, Lancs; Michael Adamson, Macclesfield, Cheshire; Douglas Crichton, Fife, Scotland; Brian Watters, Midlothian; D. Obhrai, Southall, Middx.; Jason Henderson, Hull; Nigel Pritchett, Wednesbury; John Armstrong, Nottingham; Leslie McCann, Welling, Kent; Keith Mullin, Northwich, Cheshire; Christopher Trace, Chester; Rory O'Conner, Dublin 14, Eire; Dale Coe, Warrington, Lancashire; Kieran Holland, Dublin 6, Eire; Malcolm Carruthers, Cirencester, Glos.; Leslie Oats, Hyde, Cheshire; Stephen Pumfrey, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

And it certainly fits in well with our idea about Power and us and you . . . being one big, happy family!

AND SPEAKING OF FAMILIES . . . . amongst all the mail we get from you frantic followers out there, often there are quite a few screeds specially scribed by Powerhousers' MUMS and DADS! Usually, we're happy to say, praising the Power Pack for real honest-to-goodness entertainment value. So, now hear this! This getting letters from Mums and Dads (YOURS, we mean) is something we'd be tickled pink to see developed! Because we love to get letters from ANYONE in the family . . . . and, mums and dads, this includes YOU!

AND REMEMBERING THAT EVEN IN THE BEST FAMILIES THERE ARE OCCASIONALLY CROSS WORDS . . . *reminds us that our first appears in* this week's *issue of FANTASTIC! It's there for* fun . . . *YOUR fun! And so is the 'SPOT THE BOOB' feature, also in FANTASTIC this week! So* have *fun, frantic ones! See if you can pulverise the posers in THIS WEEK'S issue of FANTASTIC!*

YES... IT'S... DARE-DEVIL!

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

DON'T BE A FOOL, GLADIATOR! THIS CANNOT FAIL!
IF I CAN LEVITATE HIM OUT HERE TO MY LAB, I'LL PUT HIS POWERS INTO MY TRI-ANDROID, ALSO!
HE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP ME!
HE'LL THEN BE WORKING FOR US, INSTEAD OF AGAINST US...AND THE MAGGIA WILL HAVE TO ADMIT ONLY WE ARE QUALIFIED TO LEAD THEM!

BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER TWO... NELSON---AND THE GIRL?
THEY'RE OF NO INTEREST TO ME! I ONLY MENTIONED THEM TO WORRY HIM... TO CONFUSE HIM!
NO MORE TALK! HE'S GETTING INTO POSITION! GET THE SWITCHES READY!
WE'LL USE SPLIT-SECOND TIMING! I'LL LEVITATE THE ANDROID FIRST!

WHY HIM? WHAT ABOUT DAREDEVIL?
LET ME DO THE THINKING! YOU'LL SEE!
NOW! THROW THE SWITCH... FAST!
OKAY...YOU GOT IT!
CLICK!
SKRAKK!

AND, BACK AT THE ARENA...
THAT SUDDEN SHIFT OF AIR CURRENTS! THE ANDROID IS MOVING UPWARD!
BUT, MY RADAR SENSE IS LOSING THE TOP OF HIS BODY...!
...IT'S AS THOUGH HE'S BEGINNING TO FADE AWAY!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, DAREDEVIL!
FIRST, WE SHALL REMOVE OUR ANDROID, WHERE YOU CANNOT GET HIM...!
SHWOOOOOSH!

WHATEVER IS GOING ON HERE, THE ANDROID IS THE KEY TO IT! I CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
OH NO YOU DON'T! WHERE HE GOES...I GO! I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HIS FACE!

YOU RECKLESS FOOL! THAT WAS JUST WHAT I WANTED YOU TO DO!
AND NOW, IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU TO TURN BACK! WE'VE GOT YOU!
AND HE SOUNDS LIKE HE MEANS IT!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RINGSIDE...
FOGGY! THAT WAS THE REAL DAREDEVIL! AND NOW..HE'S GONE!
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MATT? YOU TOLD ME THAT HE HAD WORN A PHONY COSTUME IN ORDER TO HOLD OFF THE ANDROID TILL THE REAL DD APPEARED!
I DON'T KNOW! I'M SICK WITH WORRY! I CAN'T FIND HIM!

POOR KAREN! SHE'D BE MORE WORRIED THAN EVER IF SHE KNEW THAT MATT AND DD WERE ONE AND THE SAME...OR, IF SHE COULD SEE HIM NOW...!
HAIL AND FAREWELL, DAREDEVIL!
WITHIN A MATTER OF SECONDS YOUR OWN POWERS WILL BE MINE TO COMMAND--WITHIN MY ANDROID...
SUDDENLY, IT'S ALL CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME!
I'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT---BEFORE HE CAN THROW THAT SWITCH!
BY RUNNING MY HYPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS ALONG THE SURFACE OF THIS PLEXI-GLASS, I CAN FEEL THE BEST AREA AGAINST WHICH TO EXERT MAXIMUM PRESSURE!

A FITTING END FOR MY GREATEST FOE!
FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU'LL BE MY HELPLESS SLAVE!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

AND HELP IT I CAN!
NOW I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST... KEEP THEM ON THE RUN... TILL I CAN GET MY BEARINGS!
CRASH!

ANOTHER PLEXI-GLASS CAGE AHEAD OF ME! I'LL OVERTURN IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS..!
JUST AS I THOUGHT.. SOMEONE ELSE WAS CAPTIVE INSIDE IT!
DANCER! GET HIM... STOP HIM! YOU CAN NAME YOUR PRICE IF YOU BEAT HIM!
THE DANCER! I'VE HEARD OF HIM! ONE OF THE FASTEST-MOVING, TRICKIEST HOODS OF ALL!

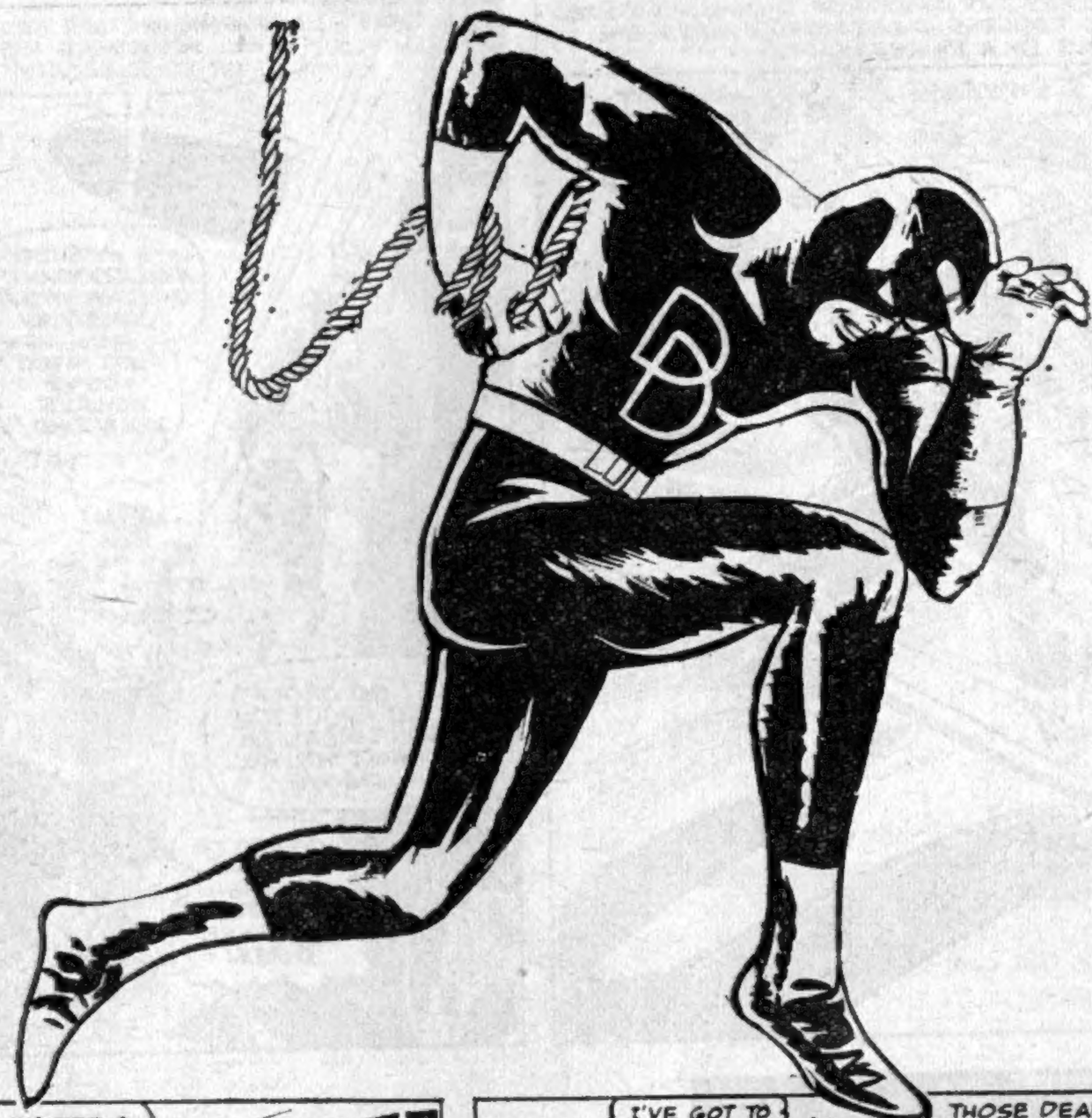
START PEELIN' OFF THE BILLS, MARAUDER! THE DOUGH'S AS GOOD AS MINE!
I WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM BEING A CAPTIVE! HE.. AND THE OTHER TWO... MUST BE SERVING THE MARAUDER WILLINGLY!
UNNGHH!
DON'T STOP! FOLLOW UP YOUR ADVANTAGE! HE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU THINK!

DON'T WORRY! NOBODY CAN MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO BEAT THE DANCER!
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SONNY..!

WHUPPF!
...YOU CAN CALL ME NOBODY!

NOW, DON'T WORRY, SUNBEAM... I WON'T LET YOU FALL!
CAN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER... SOMEONE RUNNING TOWARDS ME... SOUNDS LIKE... THE GLADIATOR!
THUMP!
THUD!

I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T LET YOU FALL...
BUT, I DIDN'T PROMISE NOT TO THROW YOU!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT!
I WAS RIGHT! IT IS THE GLADIATOR! HE MUST HAVE TEAMED UP WITH THE MARAUDER!
WHAT A COMBO THOSE TWO WILL MAKE!
I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE FEARLESS... BUT THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS!



YOU FELLAS GET BETTER ACQUAINTED FOR A WHILE--- I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!
SKRANK!

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS--!!
SWITTTTTT
THAT'S REAL CLEVER OF YOU, GLADDIE...

I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM BACK-- AWAY FROM ME!
THOSE DEADLY, WHIRLING WRIST BLADES OF HIS ARE TOO DANGEROUS!
GLADIATOR! STAY OUT OF IT! LET THE OTHERS TACKLE HIM--THEY'RE MORE EXPENDABLE!
THAT'S THE MARAUDER, AGAIN! --AS CRAFTY AS EVER!
HE FIGURES HIS OTHER STOOGES CAN WEAR ME OUT, AND THEN IT'LL BE EASY FOR THE GLADIATOR TO POLISH ME OFF!

BUT, I'M NOT ABOUT TO BE DUCK SOUP FOR ANYONE!
UH OH! SOMEONE CHARGING BEHIND ME!

THAT'S IT, MANGLER!! GET 'IM!
THE MANGLER! I THOUGHT THEY'D PUT YOU OUT TO PASTURE LONG AGO!
STAY STILL, BLAST YA!

WHEN I GET MY PAWS ON 'IM, I'LL--I'LL--
WHERE'D HE GO?! WHERE'D HE GO???
ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU'RE AWFULLY REDUNDANT, BIG FELLA?

NOW CUT OUT!
I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE ON MUSCLE-BOUND REJECTS!
BRAIN! DO SOMETHING! STOP HIM AND YOU CAN NAME YOUR OWN PRICE!

MONEY TALKS, MARAUDER!
THESE TWO LIVE WIRES WILL FINISH HIM!
SO! THE ONCE-BRILLIANT BRAIN HAS STOOPED TO BEING A PAID ASSASSIN NOW!

DON'T WASTE YOUR WORDS, DAREDEVIL!!
FOR, THEY'LL BE THE LAST YOU EVER SPEAK!
IF THOSE WIRES TOUCH ME--I'M A GONER! --HE'S TOSSING THEM!

MOVING WITH REFLEXES FAR SPEEDIER THAN ANY SIGHTED MAN COULD HOPE TO POSSESS, DAREDEVIL EVADES THE FATAL COILS BY A HAIRSBREADTH--!
-WHEW!-
I WOULDN'T WANNA FACE A STEADY DIET OF THAT!
FFSST!

AND NOW, BROTHER BRAIN, HERE'S SOMETHING RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY!
--A MOBILE ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR CONSOLE!
JUST WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
LET GO OF THAT, YOU FOOL! YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
DON'T I?
HE'S RIGHT ON TARGET! SO--HERE GOES!

OKAY! WE PLAYED IT THE MARAUDER'S WAY UP TILL NOW!
-OOPS!- SORRY, PLAYMATE! LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST AN OL' BUTTER-FINGERS!
HOPE YOU'VE GOT COLLISION INSURANCE!
YOOSH!
YOU BUMBLING INCOMPETENT! YOU FAILED--JUST LIKE THE OTHER TWO!
NOW IT'S UP TO ME--AND THE GLADIATOR!
BUT, FROM HERE ON IN--THE GLADIATOR TAKES OVER!
THONK!
YOU HEARD THE MAN, ACTION-LOVERS--SO, BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES, 'CAUSE AWAAAAY WE GO--

-NOW YOU SHALL LEARN THE MIGHT OF THE GLADIATOR!
--INTO AN ALL-IN HUM-DING-DONGER OF A BATTLE NEXT ISH!

SMASH - CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think SMASH is great, especially the Nervs and the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. I think you have got too many superhero stories in your comics, though. How could anyone think rubbish like Daredevil and Batman is exciting—excluding the under-seven-year-olds, of course. Anyway, all the funnies are great, and I agree with L. Barnwell about people pointing out tiny little mistakes in the stories. Not even you are perfect!

I. Smith,
Bletchley, Bucks.

Wow! Never mind the *little* mistakes—to put things right for you would *revolutionise* SMASH—and we feel it would be in the wrong direction. There are just too many superhero fans around for you to win, reader—but thanks for writing, anyway!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I am 19 years old and I enjoy reading SMASH very much indeed, especially the letter page. I can't help laughing at the way you try to wriggle out of your very few mistakes. I'll bet some of them give you terrible headaches!

Kenneth Bland,
Norwich.

You're so right! The aspirin consumption around here on letter-page days is incredible! We haven't had to think of so many excuses since we used to be late with our homework! (And howzabout that for "suitable for under-sevens only," reader Smith!)

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In number 124 of your great SMASH comic you made a mistake. (!!) It was on Mr. Knowall's page. The first riddle asked what you would find in the centre of Australia and America and in no other place, and the answer was the letter R. But in the name of a State in Africa—the Orange Free State — R is the middle letter, so how do you explain that then?

Michael Vaughan,
Birmingham.

You know what the trouble with kids today is?—too much education! (Relax, teacher, we're only joking!) But we don't mind: one thing about us guys in the garret—we're always willing to learn something—and one thing about our readers—they're always willing to tell us!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Here is a joke for you.
Q: What has a head, a foot, and a brick in the middle?
A: A Bed.
When your victim asks, "Where does the brick come in?" you say, "Oh, that was just to make it harder!"

Derek Bews,
Birmingham.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH 124 in the Swots and Blots it said the world is round but it is not, it is slightly pear-shaped. That's all I have to say. I hope you are well.

Christopher Harris,
Haverhill, Suffolk.

Actually, the world is not round or slightly pear-shaped, it's slightly elliptical. (Go on, don't be lazy, look it up in the dictionary: why should we tell you everything?). So who's right? *US*. Hooray. Because if you look back in the Swots and Blots it was Barry Blot who said Teach had told them the world was round—well, Teach would know better, so all it meant was that in true Blot fashion Barry had not listened properly and had got it all wrong . . . and we're out of breath explaining!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos (venerated ones),
I have just read issue 124 of SMASH—the first issue I have ever had. Fine welcome for a new reader! In the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. you had Larry sitting in an electric chair saying: "There are still a couple of minutes to go before the electricity switches itself off!" Surely it should have read "switches itself on" — or he would have already been dead. What a boob!

Ian Roy,
Fife, Scotland.

So Larry made a slip of the tongue!—seeing he was strapped in an electric chair watching the clock ticking away the minutes to his doom, we think his mistake was pardonable . . . make allowances, huh?

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in Smash is .....

My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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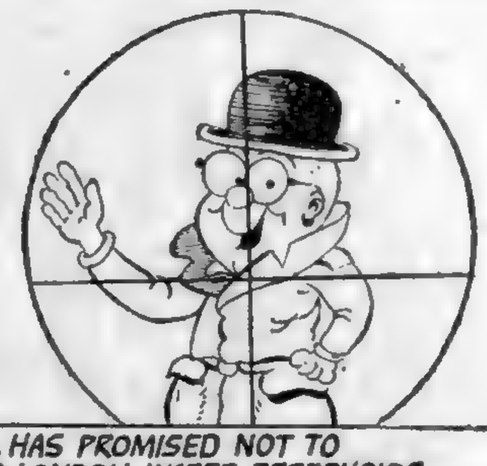
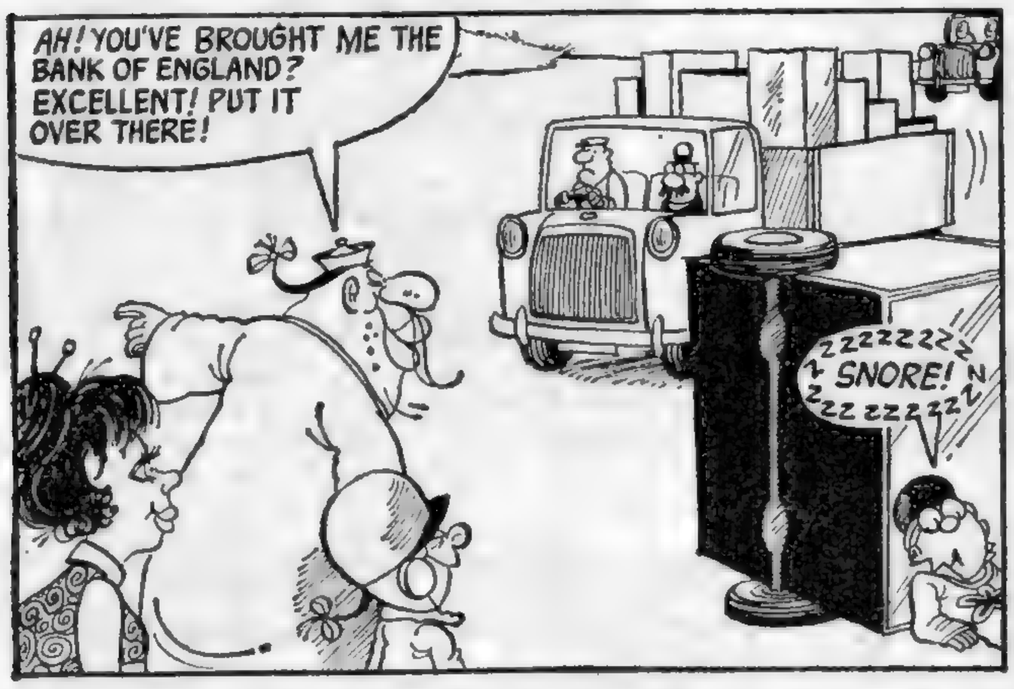
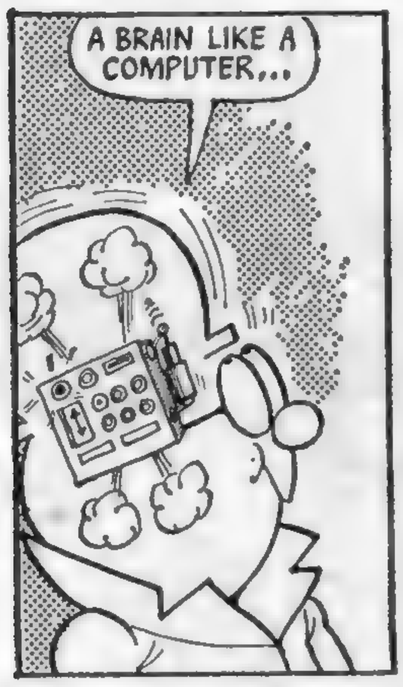
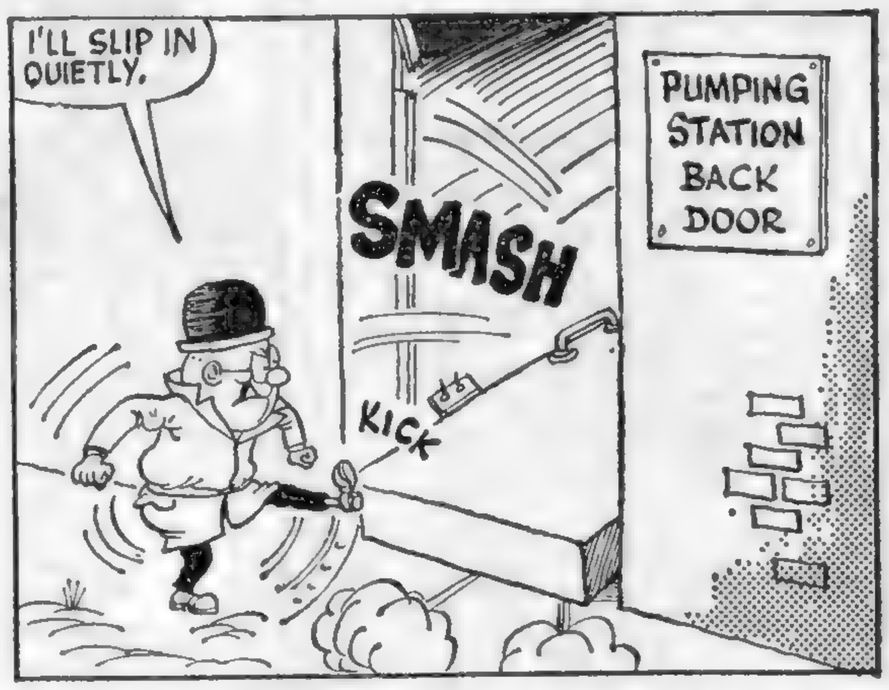
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

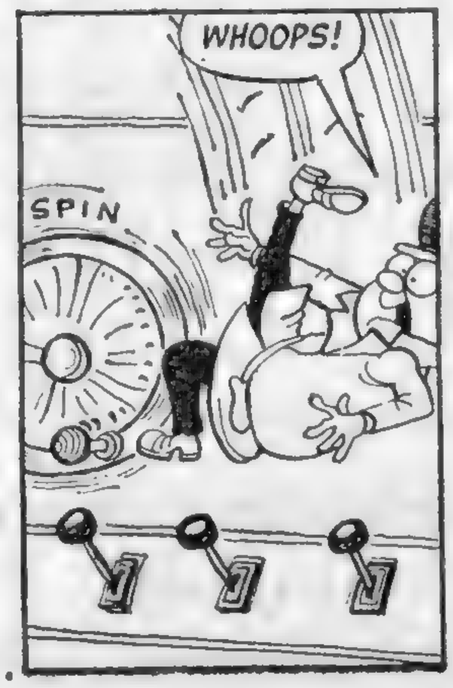


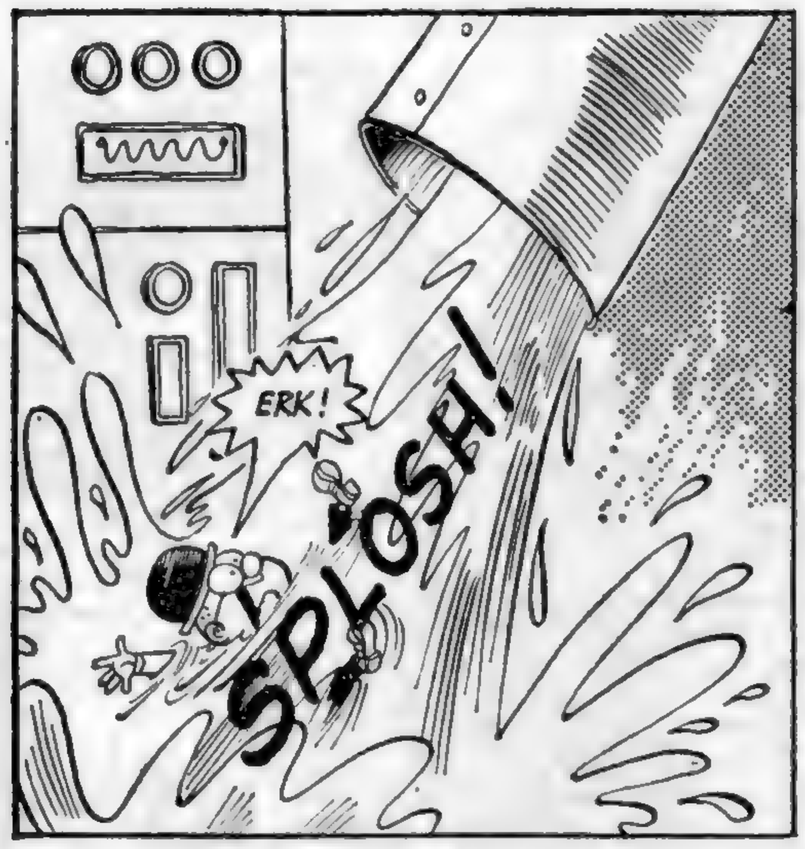
THAT ORIENTAL GANG BOSS, FISHFINGER, HAS PROMISED NOT TO TIP HIS MAN-EATING GOLDFISH INTO THE LONDON WATER RESERVOIRS IF HE'S GIVEN THE BANK OF ENGLAND. BUT B.U.N.G.L.E. AGENT LARRY, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF KNOCK-OUT DROPS, HAS ACCIDENTALLY SPILLED THE GOLDFISH INTO THE RESERVOIR JUST AS THE BANK ARRIVES...

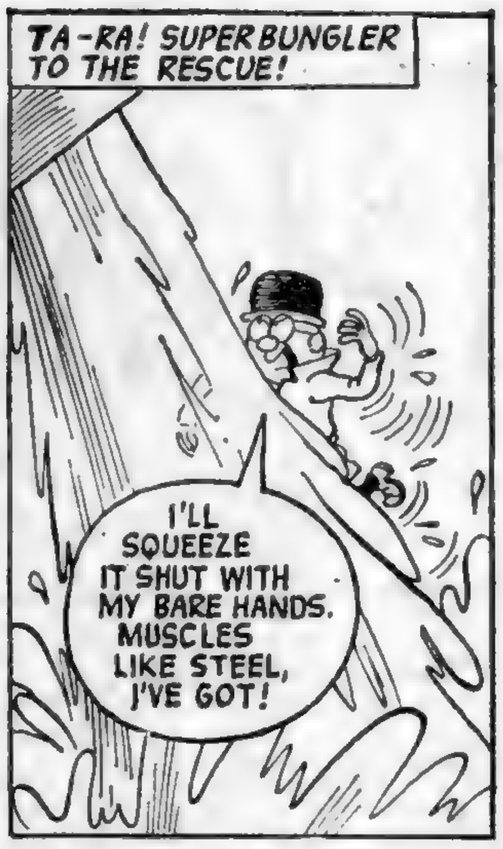









ERK!
SPLOSH!


TA-RA! SUPERBUNGLER TO THE RESCUE!
I'LL SQUEEZE IT SHUT WITH MY BARE HANDS. MUSCLES LIKE STEEL, I'VE GOT!

GRUNT! IT'S GIVING! OH, OH, WHAT'S THAT COMING?
?

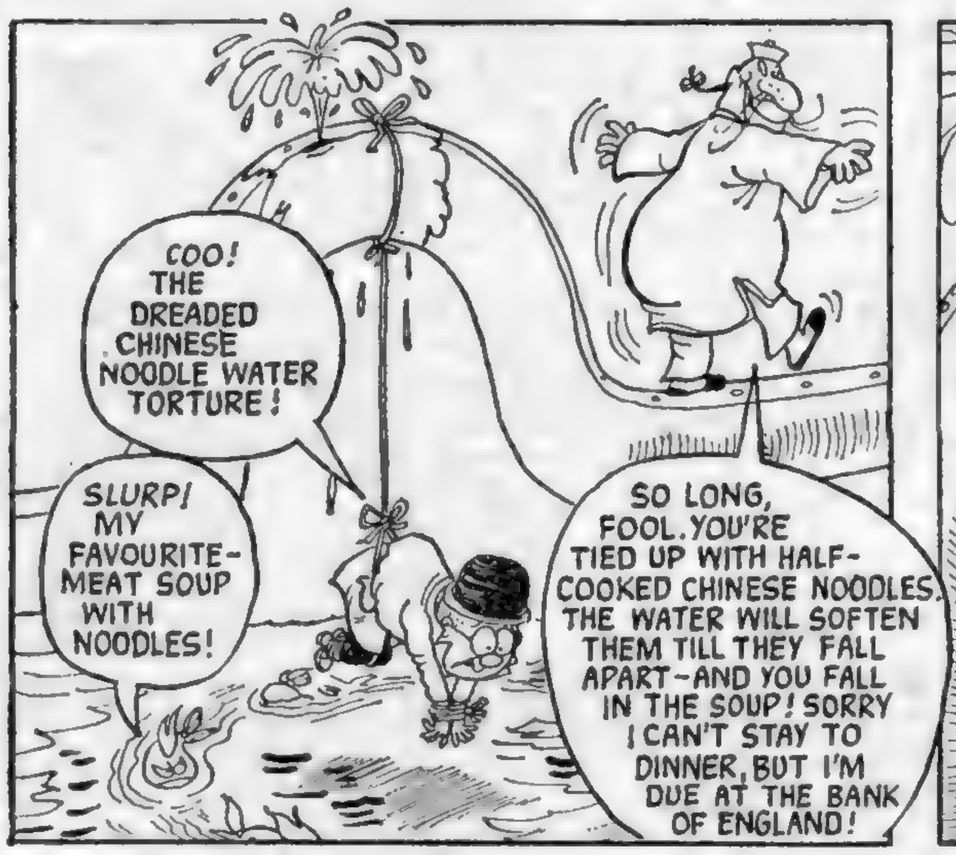
YIPE! THE GOLDFISH ARE COMING THROUGH! GOLDFISH! GEROW!

OOO! THEY'RE AFTER ME!
WHOOSH!

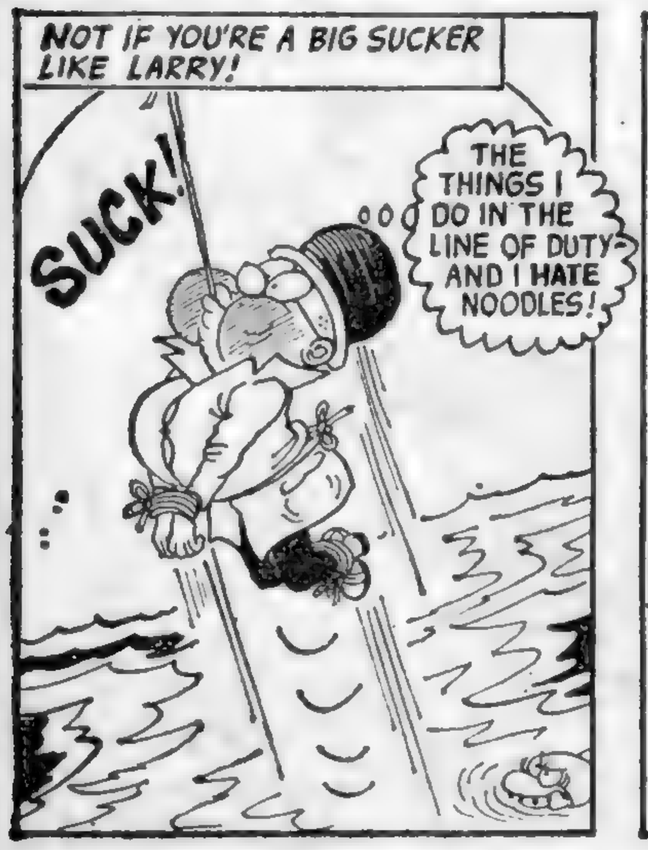
DROOL! YUM! GNASH!
HELP! SUPER-BUNGLER WOULD TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN ORDINARY LARRY!

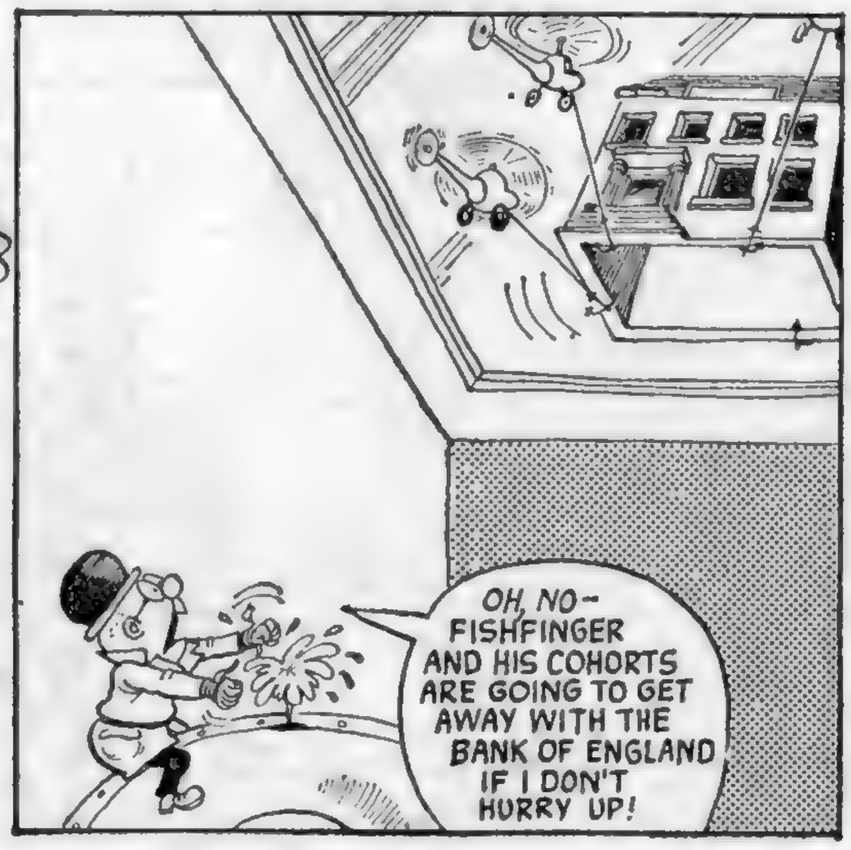
HEH! HEH! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HUNGRY!
GRR! RAGE! OH, FOOEY!

GULP! FISHFINGER! ER-I WAS JUST LEAVING...
DON'T HURRY OFF, LITTLE SUPER-BUNGLER. MY PETS ARE HUNGRY!


COO! THE DREADED CHINESE NOODLE WATER TORTURE!
SLURP! MY FAVOURITE-MEAT SOUP WITH NOODLES!
SO LONG, FOOL. YOU'RE TIED UP WITH HALF-COOKED CHINESE NOODLES. THE WATER WILL SOFTEN THEM TILL THEY FALL APART-AND YOU FALL IN THE SOUP! SORRY I CAN'T STAY TO DINNER, BUT I'M DUE AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND!

OH, OH, LOOKS LIKE MUMMY'S LITTLE BOY'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!
GRUNT!
SNAP!
LARRY, DON'T BITE THE NOODLE! IT'S SUCIDE!


NOT IF YOU'RE A BIG SUCKER LIKE LARRY!
SUCK!
THE THINGS I DO IN THE LINE OF DUTY- AND I HATE NOODLES!


OH, NO- FISHFINGER AND HIS COHORTS ARE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THE BANK OF ENGLAND IF I DON'T HURRY UP!

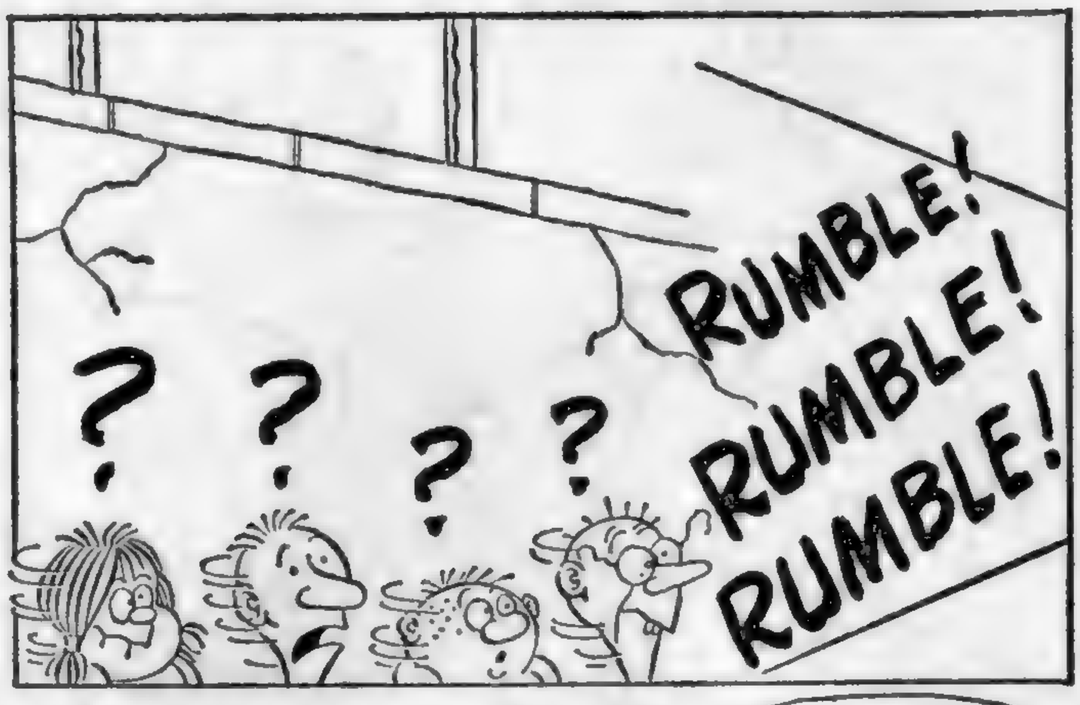
GULP-TOO LATE! I'M STRANDED, AND THE WATER'S STILL RISING!
GOT 'IM THIS TIME!
POOR OLD LARRY! WHILE HE SWANS AROUND FEEDING THE FISH, FISHFINGER AND CO. ARE GETTING AWAY WITH THE BANK OF ENGLAND! THIS IS THE END- UNTIL NEXT WEEK!

AMMO.

BAD PENNY

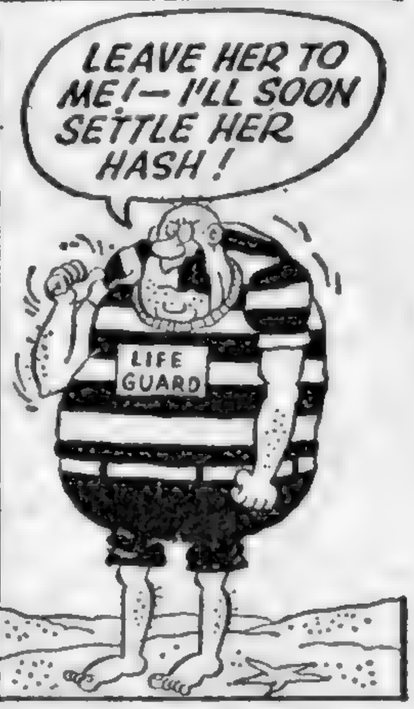
ONE PENNY
1968

GRAND TREASURE HUNT. SOMEWHERE ON THIS BEACH IS BURIED A BOX CONTAINING £5. JOIN IN THE HUNT NOW.
COO! SMASHING!
GOSH! I MUST HAVE A GO AT THAT!
ME, TOO!


? ? ? ?
RUMBLE! RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

ARGH! IT'S PENNY!
SHE'S GOT A BLOOMIN' GREAT BULLDOZER!
HEH! HEH! YOU KIDS DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

THIS HAS GOT LITTLE WOODEN SPADES LICKED! THAT FIVER'S AS GOOD AS MINE!
SHE'S RUINED MY SANDCASTLE! WAAAH!
AND SCOOPED UP MY JAM SAND-WICHES! GRRR!
HELP!


LEAVE HER TO ME! — I'LL SOON SETTLE HER HASH!
LIFE GUARD

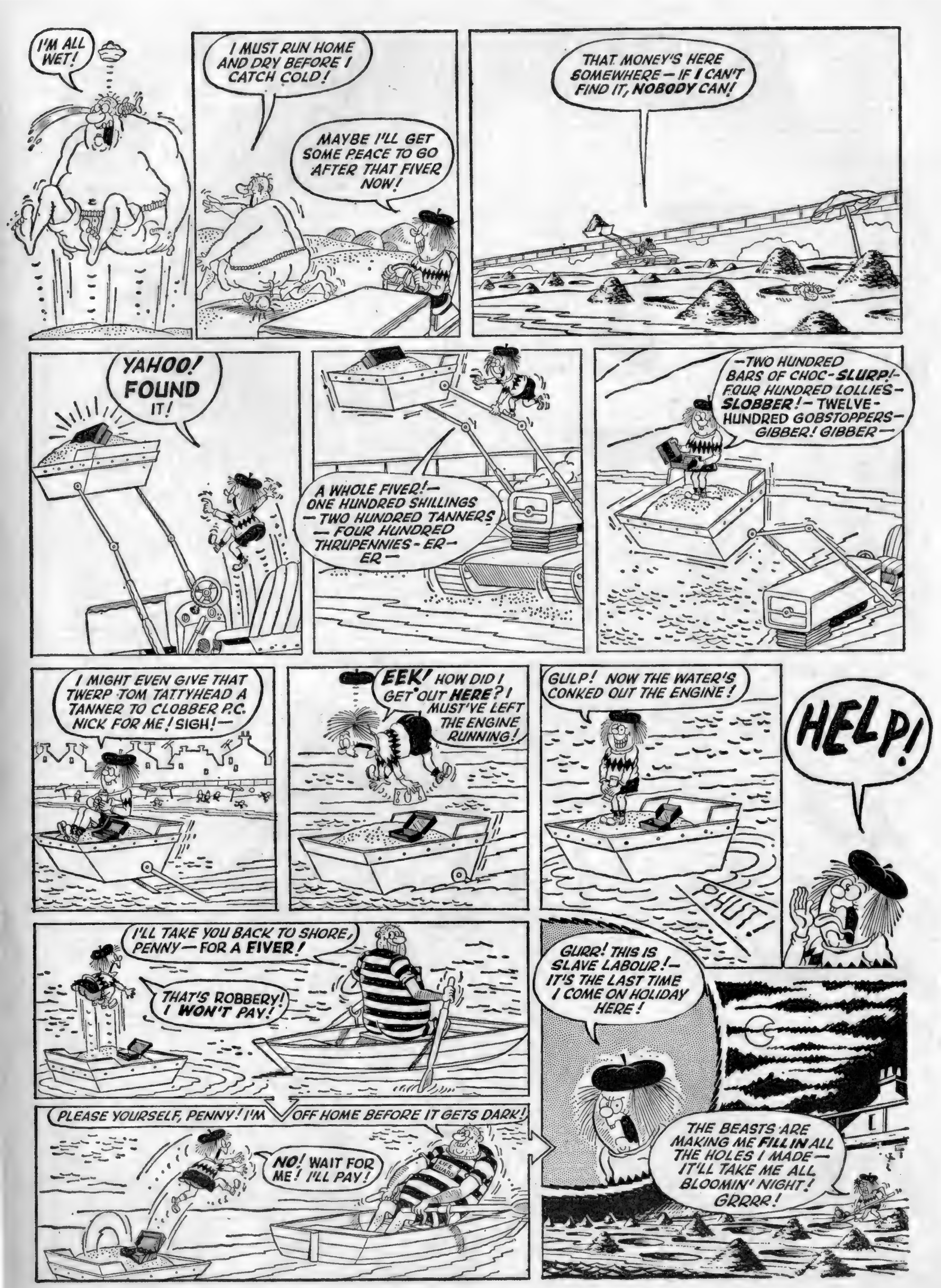
RUMBLE!
?

EEK!
HEH! HEH! HE'LL BE TOO BUSY SAVING HIMSELF TO WORRY ABOUT ME NOW!

THAT MUST MEAN: SAVE OUR SAND — BEFORE PENNY SCOOPS UP THE LOT WITH HER BLINKIN' BULLDOZER!
SOS
HEH! HEH! HEH!

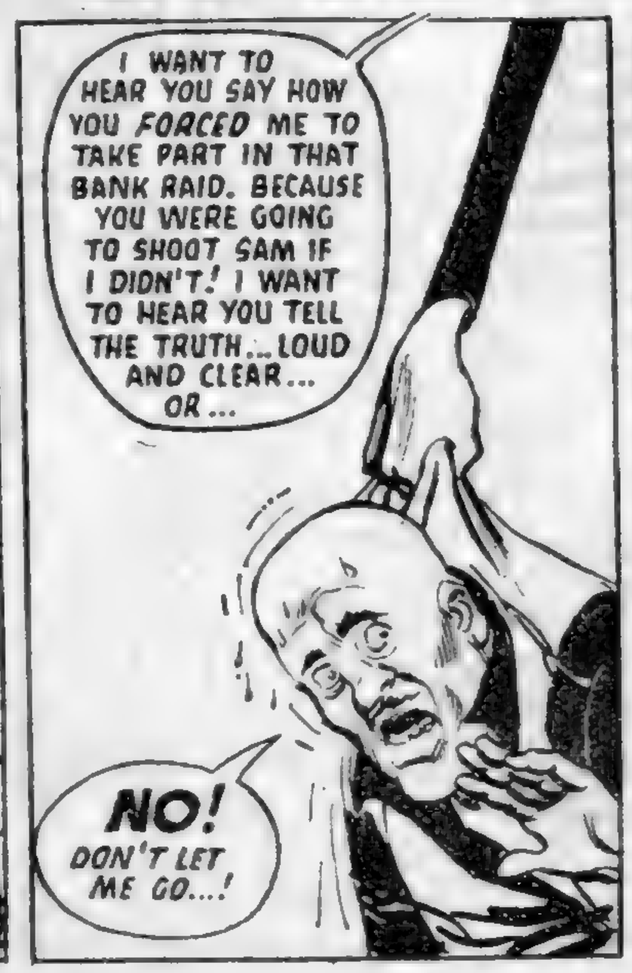
HMM! — SO THAT FAT FOOL'S GOIN' TO TRY AN' STOP ME, IS HE!

HAVE A DIP, FATSO — THE WATER'S FINE! TEE! HEE!
URGH!
SPLOSH!


I'M ALL WET!
I MUST RUN HOME AND DRY BEFORE I CATCH COLD!
MAYBE I'LL GET SOME PEACE TO GO AFTER THAT FIVER NOW!
THAT MONEY'S HERE SOMEWHERE — IF I CAN'T FIND IT, NOBODY CAN!
YAHOO! FOUND IT!
A WHOLE FIVER! — ONE HUNDRED SHILLINGS — TWO HUNDRED TANNERS — FOUR HUNDRED THRUPENNIES - ER — ER —
— TWO HUNDRED BARS OF CHOC - SLURP! - FOUR HUNDRED LOLLIES - SLOBBER! - TWELVE - HUNDRED GOBSTOPPERS - GIBBER! GIBBER —
I MIGHT EVEN GIVE THAT TWERP TOM TATTYHEAD A TANNER TO CLOBBER P.C. NICK FOR ME! SIGH! —
EEK! HOW DID I GET OUT HERE? I MUST'VE LEFT THE ENGINE RUNNING!
GULP! NOW THE WATER'S CONKED OUT THE ENGINE!
PHUT!
HELP!
I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO SHORE, PENNY — FOR A FIVER!
THAT'S ROBBERY! I WON'T PAY!
PLEASE YOURSELF, PENNY! I'M OFF HOME BEFORE IT GETS DARK!
NO! WAIT FOR ME! I'LL PAY!
LIFE GUARD
GURR! THIS IS SLAVE LABOUR! — IT'S THE LAST TIME I COME ON HOLIDAY HERE!
THE BEASTS ARE MAKING ME FILL IN ALL THE HOLES I MADE — IT'LL TAKE ME ALL BLOOMIN' NIGHT! GRRRR!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

BECAUSE RUBBERMAN'S PRIVATE EYE PARTNER, SAM HUTT, WAS CAPTURED BY GUN-TOTING OUTLAWS IN TEXAS, OUR HERO WAS FORCED TO TAKE PART IN A BANK RAID. HE RETURNS TO THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT TOWN AND RESCUES SAM. TWO HIGHWAY PATROLMEN ADD TO THE SHOOT-UP THAT FOLLOWS— AND IT IS SOON OVER!



MEET . . . Mister Knowall

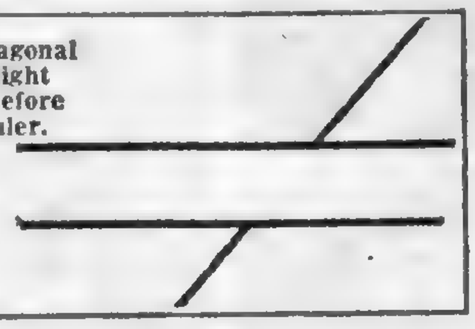
He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

EVER tried to make a sixpence (or even just a penny) go right through a solid table? You haven't? Then you are missing out on your big chance to earn new respect as a magic-man—or, at worst, a few laughs. Sooooo . . . let's try out a practice run or two before you perform in front of an audience.

Sit down at a table and place two coins on it. Now, pick up one in each hand and clench your fists—ready to thump them down together near the edge of the table. Thing is, that one fist is slightly nearer the edge than the other, so that (unseen) you will be able to release the coin in that hand into YOUR LAP at any thump you choose.

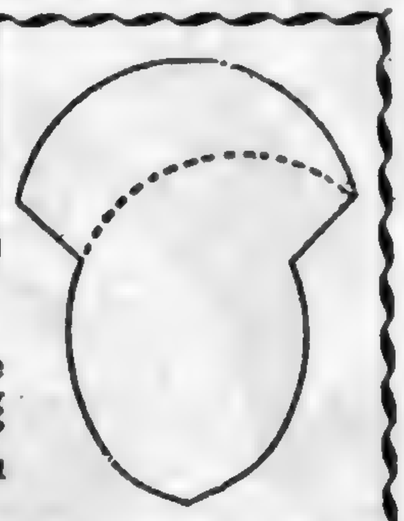
After you've perfected this move . . . open your empty hand to prove the point . . . and reach under the table with the other to "pull the coin through the last difficult bit!" Act as though you ARE doing this—though really you are picking up the coin you dropped into your lap. But no-one will ever guess this when you bring out the hand to show TWO coins in it!

Does the broken diagonal stroke run in a straight line? Try a guess before you check with a ruler.



Parlez-vous Espagnol?

That means, can you speak Spanish in French? You can't? Never mind, I can't write it. But now try reading the sentence I've written below—and see if we're not both wrong. **SI, SIGNORA, DERDAGO. FORTILOREEZ INAROW. DEMSNOT LOREEZ, DEMARTRUX, FULOVENS ANGEEZ ANDUCKS.** Done it? Okay . . . now read it VERY SLOWLY, making sure you pronounce every letter clearly. . . . Here's what it says: **SI, SIGNORA, DER DAY GO. FORTI LOREEZ IN A ROW. DEMS NOT LOREEZ. DEM AR TRUX, FUL OV ENS AN GEEZ AN DUCKS.**

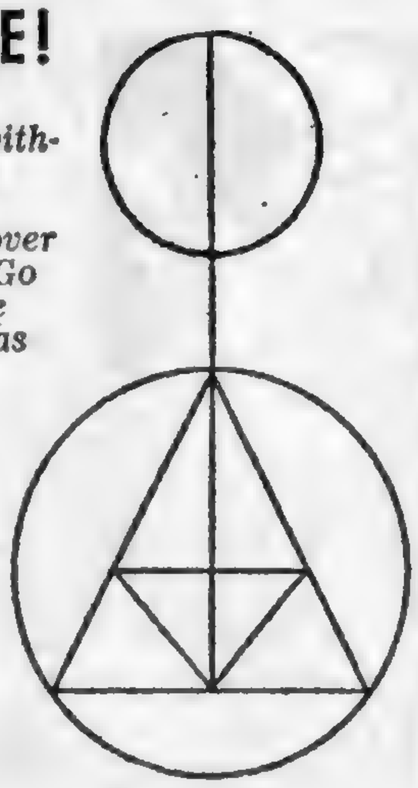


ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CHALLENGE!

Remember, I asked you if you could turn the crazy shape on the right into a circle by cutting it just ONCE and putting the two bits together? The dotted line through it shows just where you cut. Okay? Okay!

CHALLENGE!

CAN you draw this design without taking your pencil from the paper or going over any line twice? Go on, try. It can be done—honest—as you'll see NEXT WEEK!



★ ★ ★

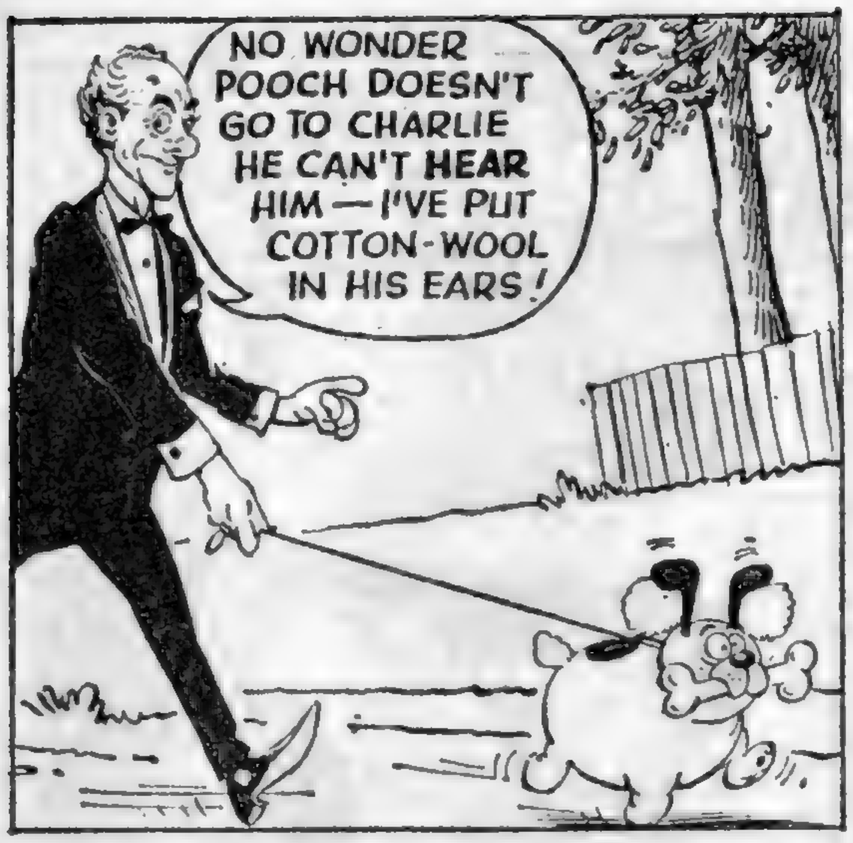
£1 for Knowalls

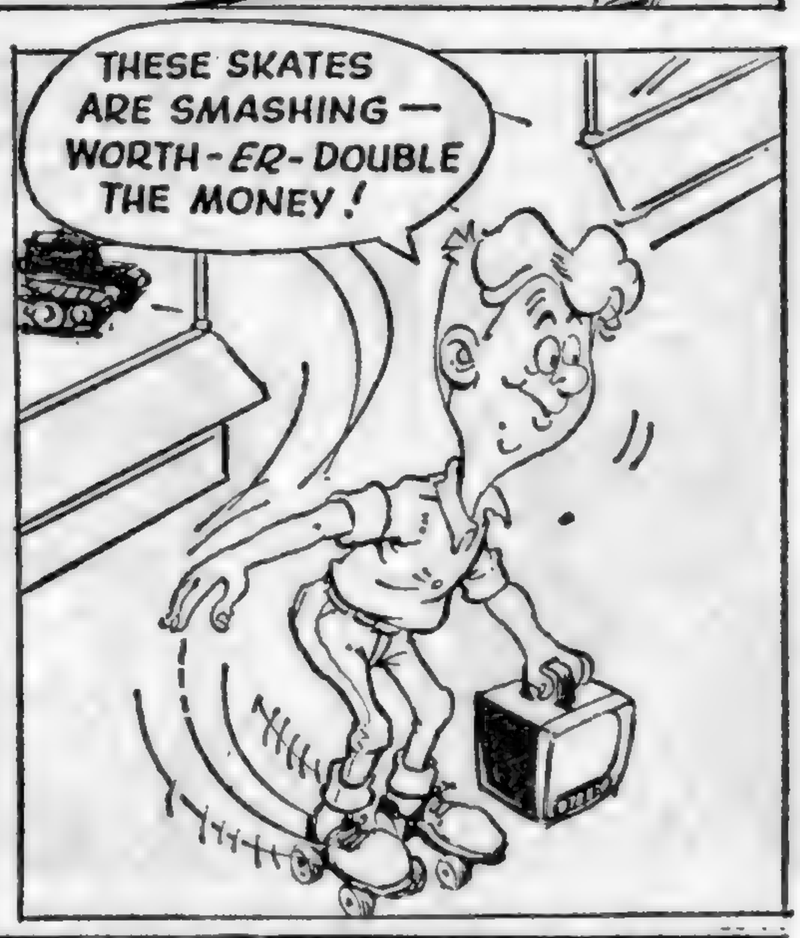
Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

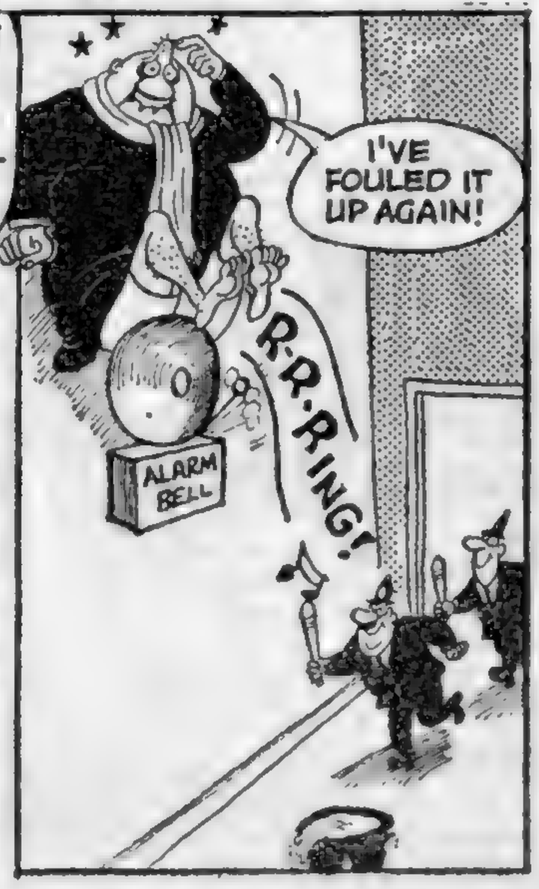
Charlie's Choice

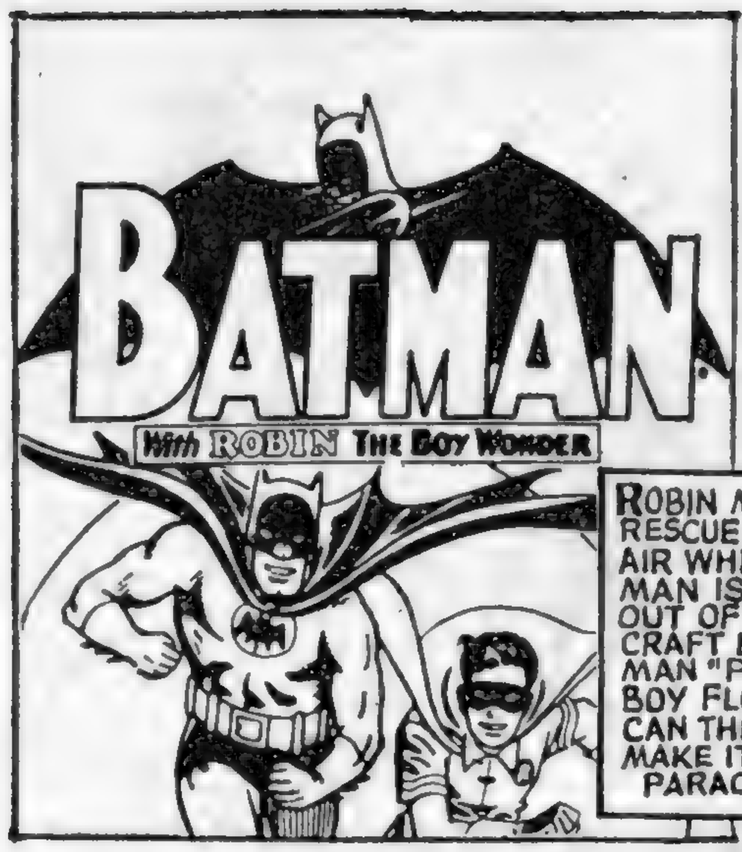
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...





GRIMLY FEENDISH





ROBIN MAKES A RESCUE IN MID-AIR WHEN BATMAN IS THROWN OUT OF AN AIRCRAFT BY GUNMAN "PRETTY BOY FLOY." BUT CAN THEY **BOTH** MAKE IT ON ONE PARACHUTE?...

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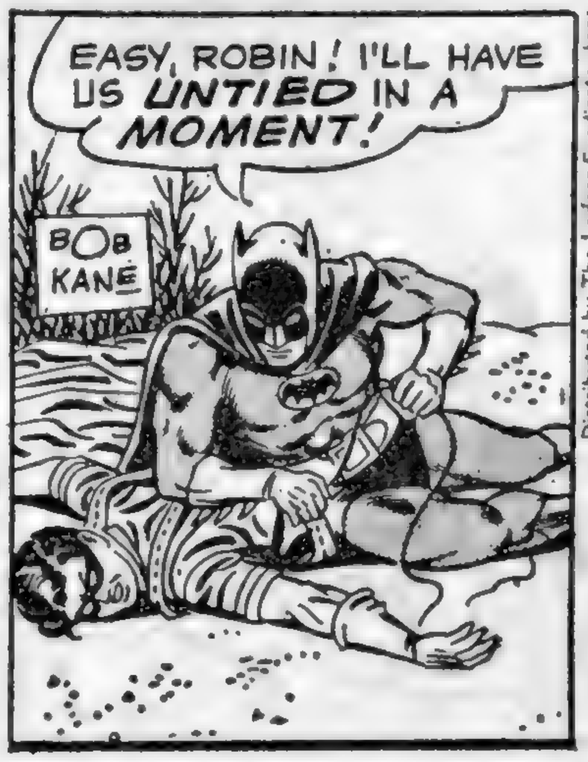

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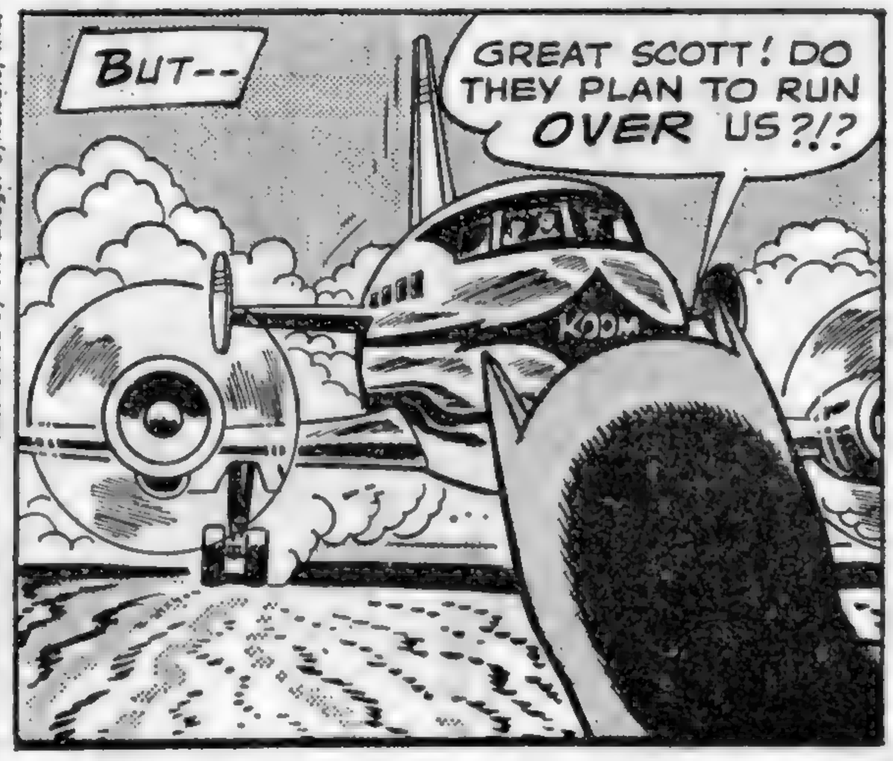

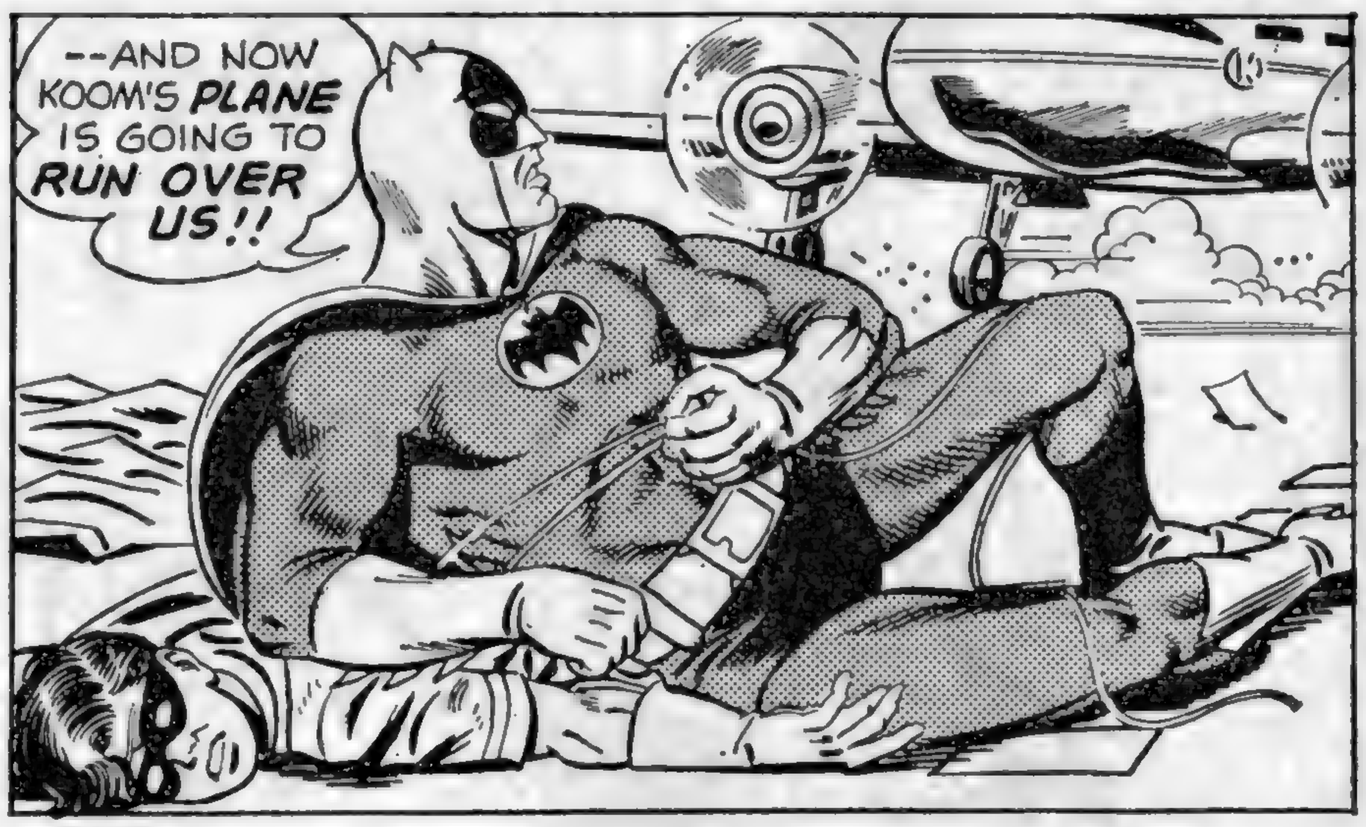

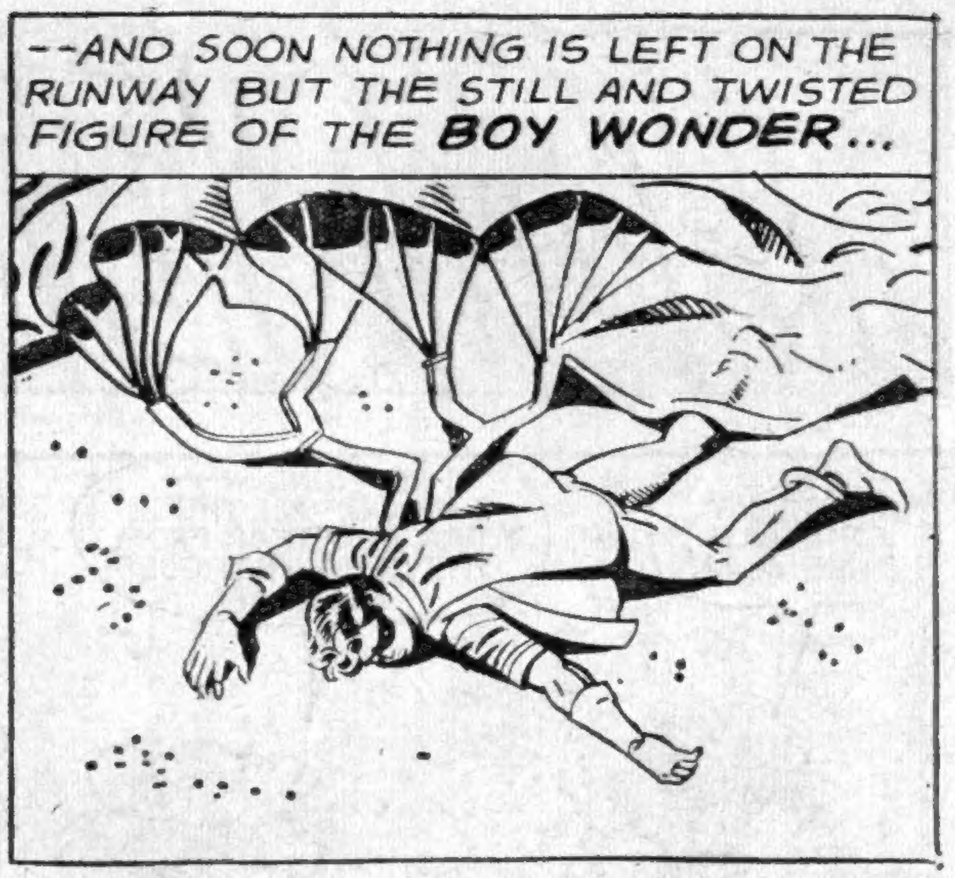

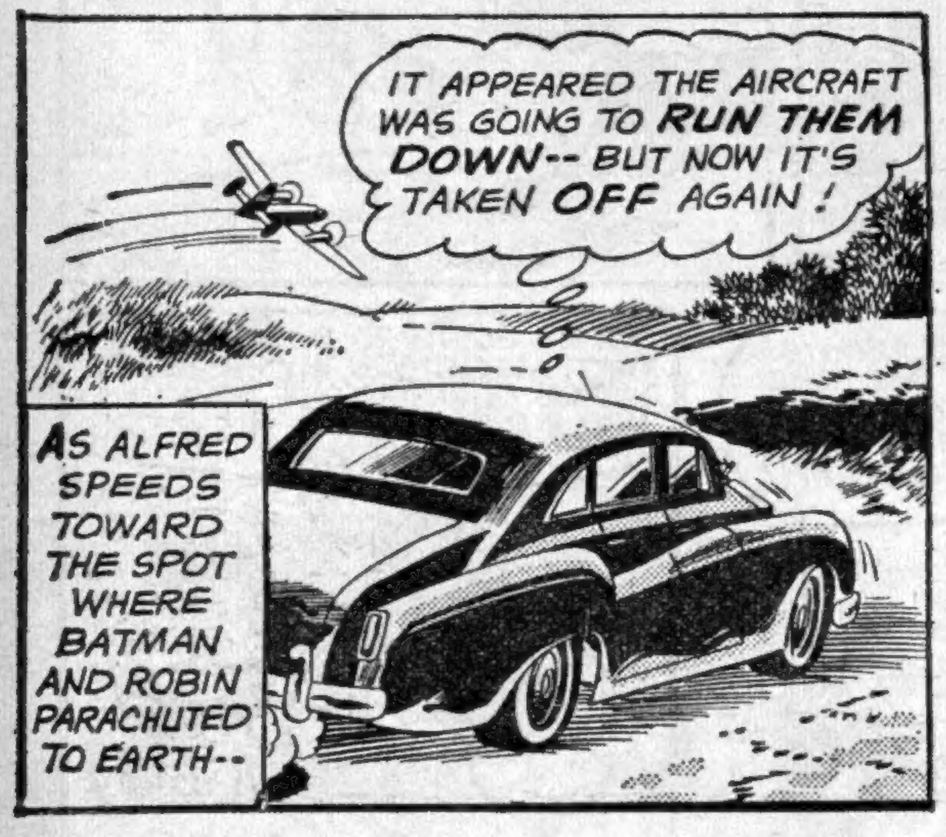

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THE NERVS

GOSH! MY THROAT ISN'T HALF SORE, MUM!
NO WONDER— THINK OF ALL THE WEAR AND TEAR FROM THE GRUB THAT GOES DOWN IT!

IT ISN'T GRUB TO BLAME THIS TIME—IT'S WILD BILL HICCUP!
TONGUE FUR
DANDRU REMOVER

HE'S RIGHT, TOO! WILD BILL IS A BIG TOUGH BOXER NERV— HE USES FATTY'S TONSILS AS A PUNCHBAG...
HEH! HEH! THANKS TO FATTY'S TONSILS, I'M THE TOUGHEST NERV IN FATTYLAND!
BLAT!

NOW TO BEAT UP THOSE TWERPS IN THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT—THEY FORGOT MY STEAK THIS MORNING!

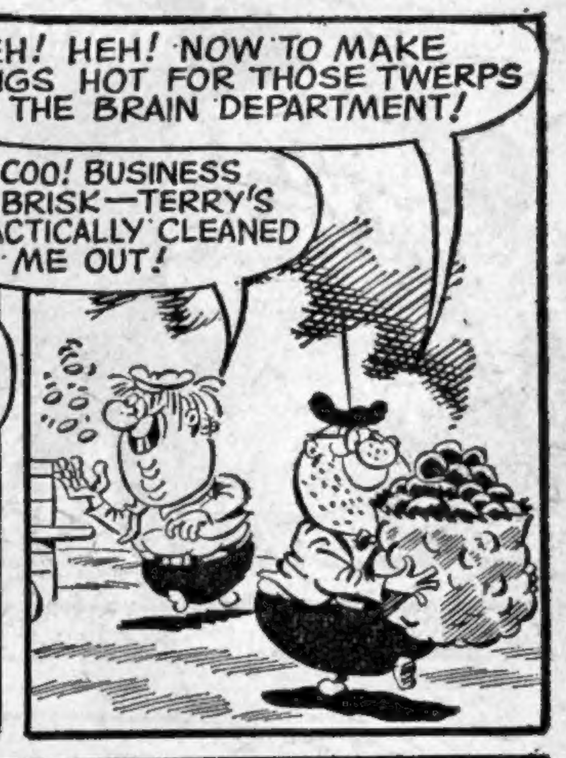
AAGH! IT WASN'T OUR FAULT, WILD BILL—FATTY DOESN'T EAT STEAKS FOR BREAKFAST!
HE ALWAYS HAS PORRIDGE AND KIPPERS AND THINGS! WAA-AAH!

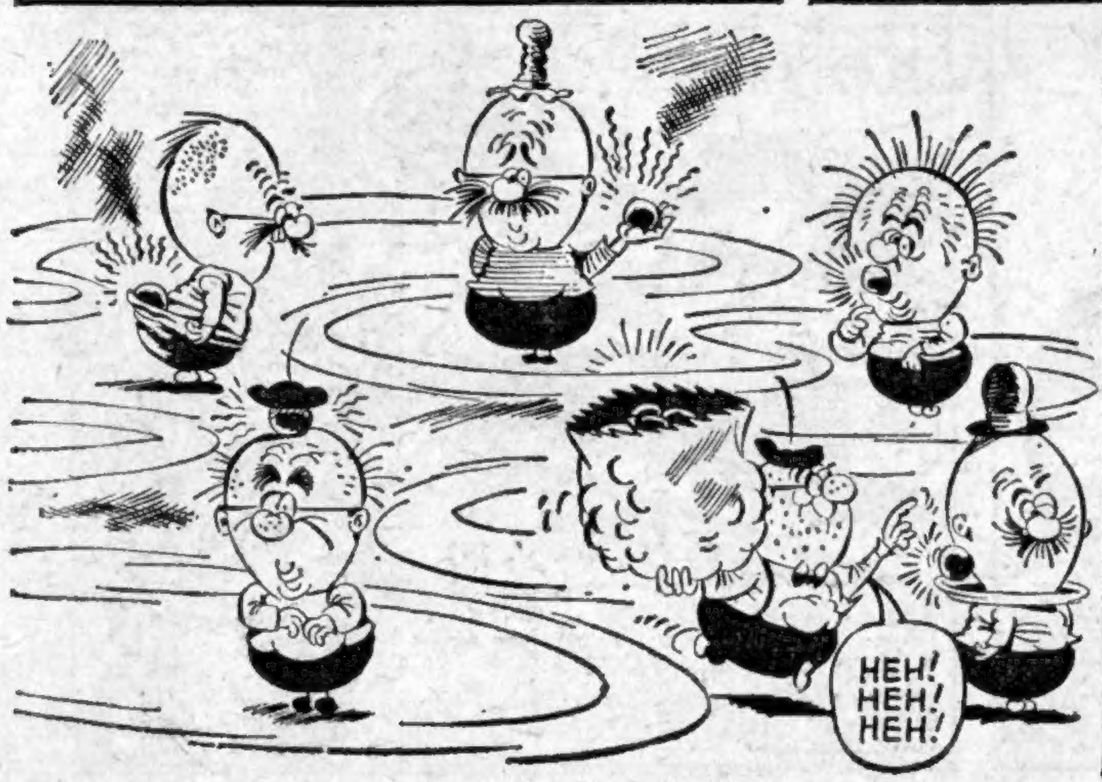
YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE ALL THAT, AREN'T YOU, MY FRIEND? YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THAT WILLIAM HERE GETS HIS STEAK, AREN'T YOU?
Y-Y-YES, SIR—ANYTHING Y-Y-YOU SAY, SIR!

ER—COULD YOU TELL F-F-FATTY TO EAT SOME STEAK, P-P-PLEASE?
BRAIN DEPT. EGG HEADS ONLY
STEAK?? AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNING? YOU MUST BE JOKING, LAD!

SLAM!
KEEP OUT
I'VE GOT TO GET FATTY TO EAT SOME STEAK—OR WILD BILL WILL USE ME AS A PUNCHBAG! G-GULP!

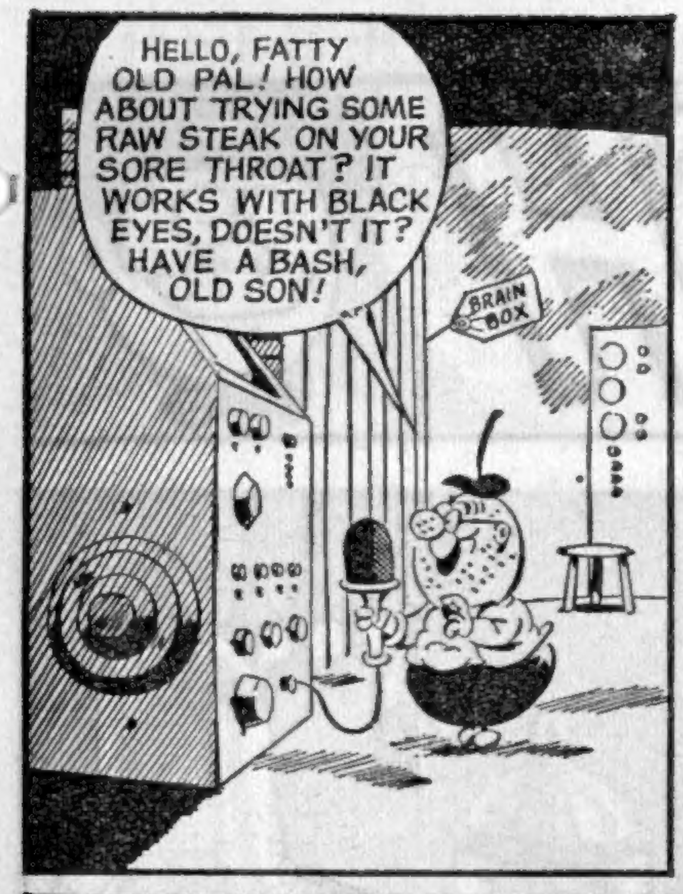
LOVELY HOT ROASTED CHESTNUTS—FRESH FROM THE CHEST DEPARTMENT—DELICIOUS CHESTNUTS!
COR! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!

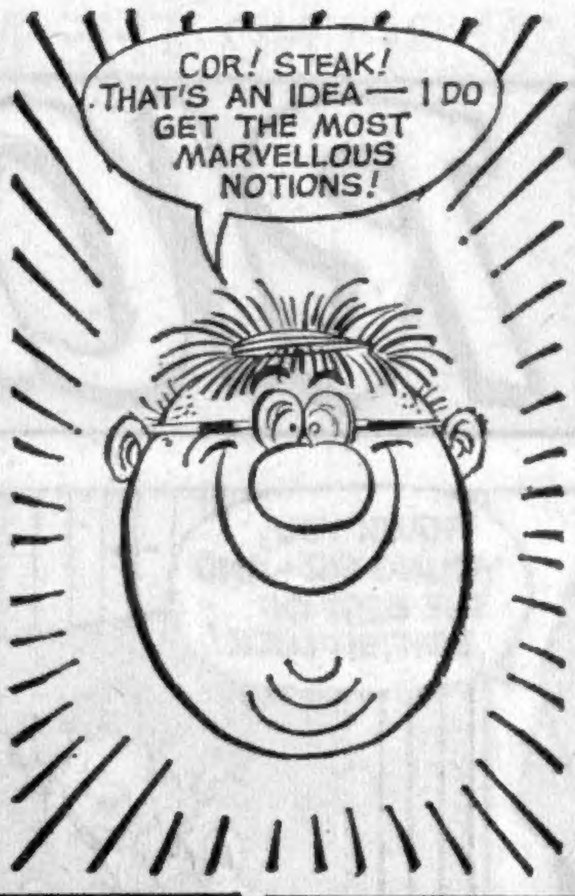

HEH! HEH! NOW TO MAKE THINGS HOT FOR THOSE TWERPS IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT!
COO! BUSINESS IS BRISK—TERRY'S PRACTICALLY CLEANED ME OUT!

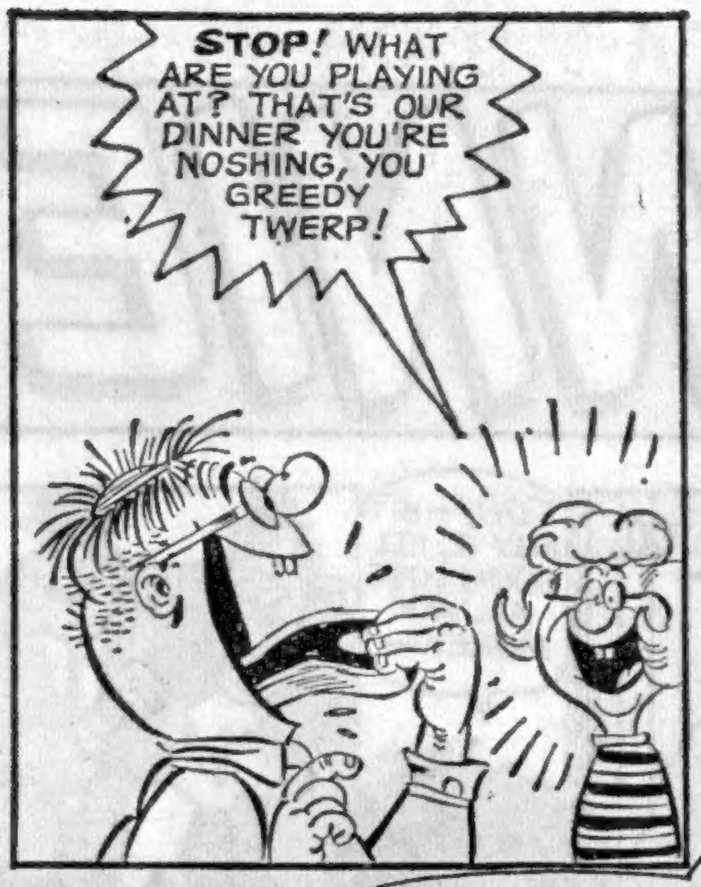

HEH! HEH! HEH!

AAGH! I'M ON FIRE!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S GOT RID OF THE TWERPS— NOW TO GET ON WITH THE GOOD WORK!
WATER! WATER!
BURNY! BURNY!


HELLO, FATTY OLD PAL! HOW ABOUT TRYING SOME RAW STEAK ON YOUR SORE THROAT? IT WORKS WITH BLACK EYES, DOESN'T IT? HAVE A BASH, OLD SON!
BRAIN BOX

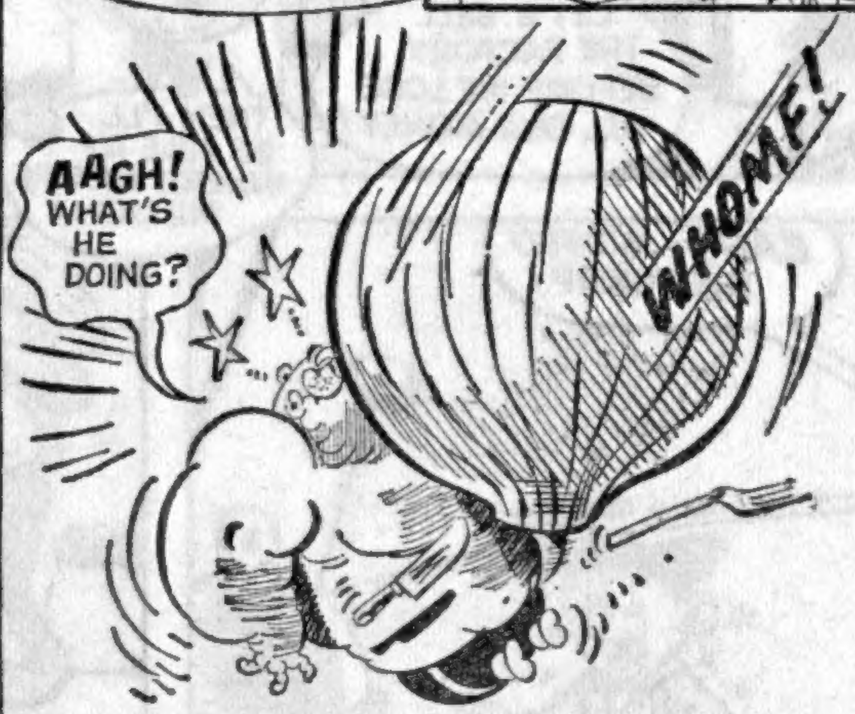

COR! STEAK! THAT'S AN IDEA—I DO GET THE MOST MARVELLOUS NOTIONS!

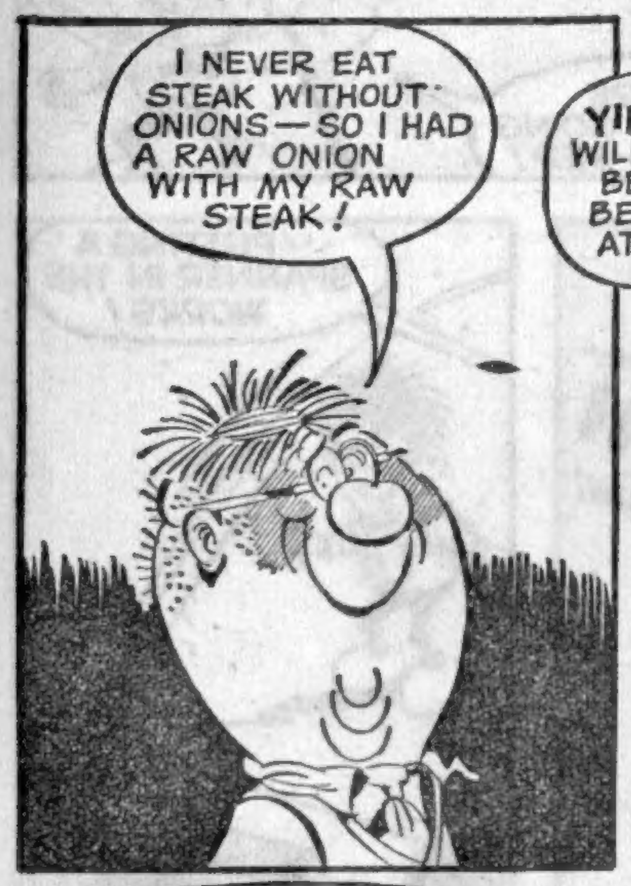

STOP! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT? THAT'S OUR DINNER YOU'RE NOSHING, YOU GREEDY TWERP!

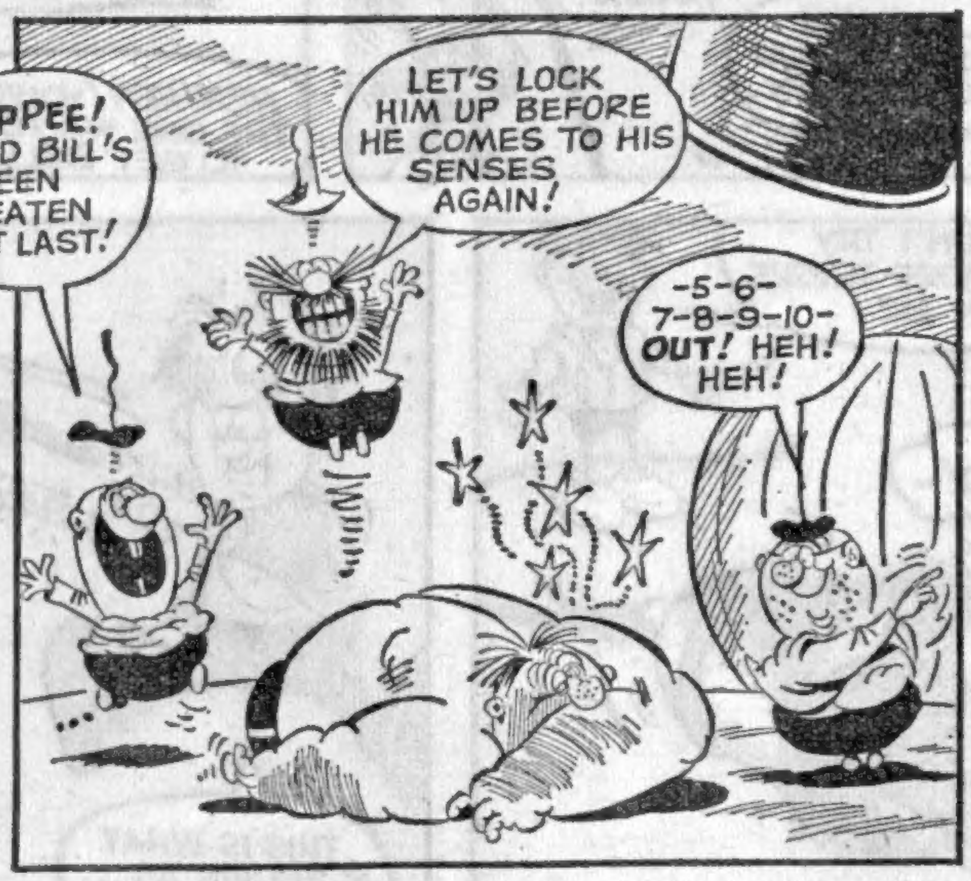
TONGUE CHUTE
RUMBLE! RUMBLE!
ER—I THINK THIS IS IT COMING NOW, WILD BILL!

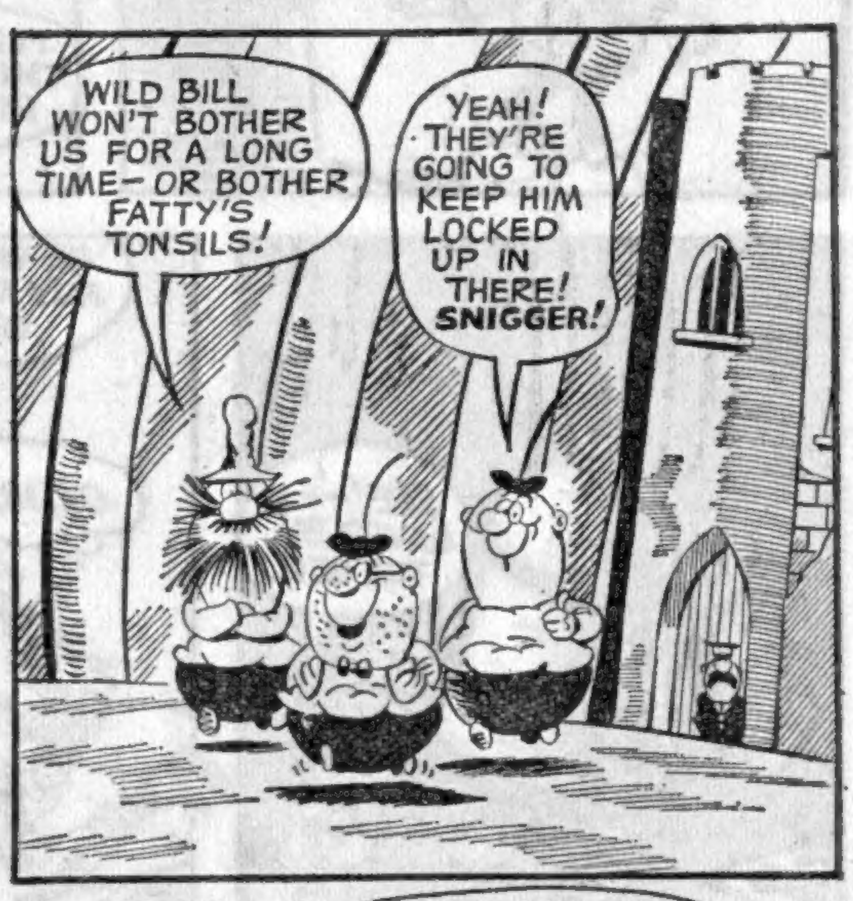
NOW THERE'S A NICE SNACK FOR A GROWING LAD! HOP IT, TWERP—I'LL MANAGE ON ME OWN NOW! SLURP!
FLOP!
YES, SIR! YES, SIR!

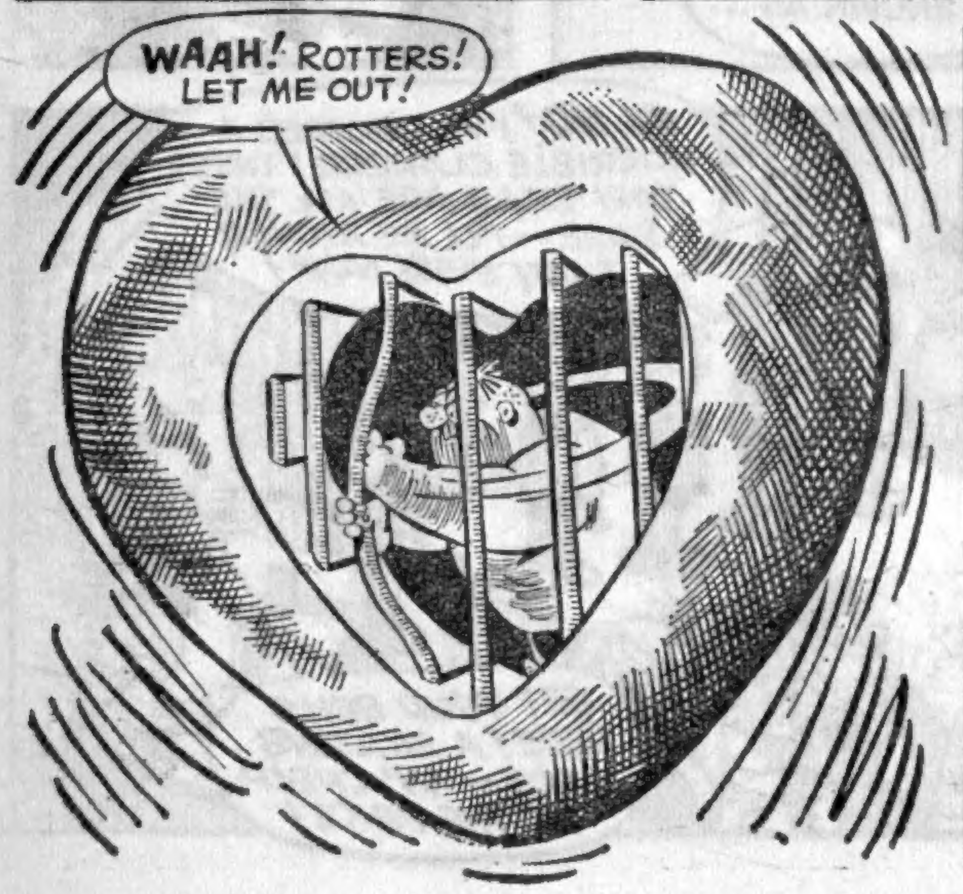
YIKES!


IT HAD BETTER BE, LAD—I NEED STEAKS TO KEEP MY BODY BEAUTIFUL!
AAGH! WHAT'S HE DOING?
WHOMF!


I NEVER EAT STEAK WITHOUT ONIONS—SO I HAD A RAW ONION WITH MY RAW STEAK!


YIPPEE! WILD BILL'S BEEN BEATEN AT LAST!
LET'S LOCK HIM UP BEFORE HE COMES TO HIS SENSES AGAIN!
-5-6-7-8-9-10-OUT! HEH! HEH!


WILD BILL WON'T BOTHER US FOR A LONG TIME—OR BOTHER FATTY'S TONSILS!
YEAH! THEY'RE GOING TO KEEP HIM LOCKED UP IN THERE! SNIGGER!


WAAH! ROTTERS! LET ME OUT!

OOH, MUM! MY TONSILS AREN'T BOTHERING ME NOW—BUT MY HEART'S THUMPING LIKE MAD!
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT—EATING RAW STEAK—AND ONIONS!
THUMP!

NEVER MIND! WILD BILL WILL SOON GET TIRED OF THUMPING ABOUT IN THERE, AND WE'LL ALL BE BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH